



Poems and Lectures



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FREE THOUGHT
LECTURES!

—AND—

POEMS!

—BY—

DR. JAS. L. YORK,

Author and Compiler.

SAN JOSE, CAL.
A. S. YORK, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.
1888.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF
FREE-THOUGHT POEMS AND LECTURES
IS DEDICATED TO MY WIFE,
PERMELIA ANN YORK,
A WOMAN FREE FROM THE SLAVERY
OF RELIGION, AND A WORKER
IN THE CAUSE OF
*Universal mental liberty,
The watch-word of the free,
The hope of sages in the past,
The good time yet to be.*
BY THE AUTHOR AND COMPILER,
DR. J. L. YORK,
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

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1822

NO ROYAL ROAD.

There is no royal road in life
To freedom of the mind;
No royal road to wealth of thought—
One path for all mankind.
Man's highest good no more conserved
By myths, though honored in their day,
Now simply asks for reason's light
To guide and point the way.

Our pathway here on every side
Is hedged with cares and tears—
One constant struggle to be free
From darkness, doubt and fears.
No light but that of reason comes,
Man's pathway to illumine;
The day-star of his hope to be
From the cradle to the tomb.

The cry of faith by priests of old
Grows feebler in our day,
And creeds and dogmas of belief
Are soon to pass away.
To break the bonds of priest and king,
And lift the burdened out,
Some one must lead the way
And to the masses shout.

No royal road is there
To riches of the mind;
The rich and poor alike may know
The joys of truth sublime.
True manhood does not come
Through titled name or might,
By wealth, or kingly power bestowed,
But grows by love of truth and right.

In all the ages of the past
Some souls with inspiration's flame
Have lighted up the world of thought,
Though doomed to felon's name.
And thus the thought of our time
Needs stirring to profoundest depth;
The darkness of the past so drear
Were ours to-day had Luther silent kept.

Had Bruno quailed at firey stake,
And Servetus held his peace,
Perhaps we still in bonds might be,
To Pope, and church, and priest.
Had priestly rule held sway,
No science had been born
To scatter blessings in our path
And shed the beams of morn.

We hail the day of knowledge near,
When faith no more shall claim
A blind obedience to her will
In truth's ennobling name.
How much we owe our gratitude
To sage and thinker of the past,
Whose lives went out in fire and flame
That we might reap at last.

The dearest boon we hold to-day;
The freedom to think and speak,
We owe to those who've gone before—
Whose names our memory gladly keep.
Of all the names we hold most dear,
Who fought for reason's reign,
Let's join and give three rousing cheers
For truth and Thomas Paine.



WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task that God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noblest of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all there is divine:
To feel there is a union
Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill each grand design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the dawning in the distance,
And the good that I can do.



ETERNAL JUSTICE.

— — —
The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distill;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul,
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lump of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine.

And a tyrant may work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many, have died in their misery
And left their thoughts untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And are placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending bright, far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And the truth ever comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.



THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, created them all.
John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.
Evil or good as the case might be,
White, or colored, or bond, or free—
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee;
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and great.
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.
Robert great glory and honor received,
For zealously preaching what no one believed:
While Paul of the pleasure of sin took his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away
From earth and its confines, all died the same day,
John was mourned thro' the length and breadth of
the land—

Peter fell 'neath the lash in a merciless hand—
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his
tongue—

While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the statesman, "How noble and brave!"
But Peter, alas!—"he was only a slave."
Of Robert—" 'Tis well with his soul—it is well:"
While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.
Born by one law through all Nature the same,
What made them differ? and who was to blame?
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, created them all.

Out of that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is pure as the
white;

Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given soul—
Who shall determine what change may befall
John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul?

John may in wisdom and goodness increase—
Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—

Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the word;
And Paul may be blessed with a holier birth
Than the passions of man had allowed him on
earth.

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,
God, in his wisdom, will care for them all.



EVOLUTION,

—OR—

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

Man is an incarnate question, and in all ages of the world has been asking questions about this planet and devising theories of origin for this globe and the many forms of life which live upon its surface. Men have always been world builders, and always will build worlds, and endeavor to account for the various phenomena taking place on every hand. And, if the thought of our age can furnish a more reasonable solution for the origin of things than the thought which produced the Genesis of the Bible, it is because of the expansion of intellect and development of natural science, upon which all forms of knowledge depend.

The consideration of such questions as "How did this planet come to be?" and "What is life?" and "How did it first appear?" "How did man originate, and is he but one of the links in an endless chain of life, stretching out from the darkness and crudeness of the past and on to a higher and a brighter home be the stars?" These are not idle questions, but quicken the pulse of the world, prevent stagnation, and make higher forms of truth possible to the mind.

There are two kinds of history in the world: Written history of men and things, traced backward, is lost in the mists and fogs of tradition, and of necessity

full of errors. For it is an ordinance of nature that mankind should blunder while learning, and, best of all, should learn by his blunders.

Then there is a history or divine revelation in nature, which is not susceptible of counterfeit or interpolation, and has never been the subject of translation or revision from time to time by designing creed-makers in religion. But is stamped upon and wrought into everything nature has produced. In the inanimate as well as the living, the earth, with its rocks, mountains and oceans, all bear the impress of natural divinity and true history.

The pebble which rolls beneath your feet has its history to tell to the studious mind, but not one word to the blockhead. It says that it was once a part of the mother rock and detached by force, and has reached its rounded, beauteous form through the natural agencies of water and motion.

The volcano and spouting hot spring have their tale to tell of igneous action and primal heat of mother earth. The ice drift, as it has moved at snail pace across the continent, has written in deep and corrugated lines its history on the granite rock.

The vegetation which springs from the earth in the form of flower, shrub or tree. Animal life of every grade, from the insect which floats in the sunbeam, on up to man himself, each and all contain within themselves something of their history, purpose and destiny. This history science teaches—its growth is slow but sure, and so far as it has reached demonstration, which is absolute truth—its page is clear; running not back to tradition, but to the fountain head of life and being.

True science then means reading from the book of

matter and mind, the long, slow process of ages, from which nature is developing from the crude and low all things up to higher forms of life and beauty.

Saint Paul said: "That is first which is natural, afterwards that which is spirirual." Paul would have been better understood to-day if he had said: 'That is crude which is first, afterwards that which is more refined. His statement of the natural and spiritual only serves to confuse the mind, as it seems to me that a condition called spiritual, must be quite as natusal as any other or opposite condition; for if spirituality means anything more than refinement I am not able to see it.

Evolution, as defined by scientists, is the transformation of the homogeneous through successive changes of form and texture, and in direct ratio as the form changes so also does the type and character of the life inhabiting such form, change and improve.

Evolution implies that the planet and its entire product of grass, grain, plants, trees, and animals are not to-day what they were in the far-off past, but have grown from crude, small beginnings, and that to-day is a day of creation as much so as any period of the past.

Evolution does not imply Atheism nor yet Materialism in the common acceptance of these terms, and is a law or sequence. Many suppose that to believe in Evolution is to deny the existence of Deity. This is a bug-bear set up by ignorant preachers who know more of idle words and church creeds than they do about the gospel of nature, and when Tyndall, Huxley and Carpenter speak of the unthinkable and unknowable they call it force, but when Christian scientists such as Winchel, Dana and Porter speak of the same power call it God. I prefer the word force, as words and

definitions help to keep the world in bondage to religious superstitions; for men and women are not so likely to go on their knees when they come to understand that nothing can be gained by praying to the forces which operate throughout this universe of law. Evolution is not a force, but the methods through which nature works, and is that orderly progress in nature through which the planet and its entire product has been developed. Evolution is not the why or cause of anything, but the how or manner and order of the unfoldment of all life upon our planet, and relates to the growth of physical, mental and moral life—to language, literature, society and law—to government, science and religion, and one can hardly imagine a study of greater importance to the well being of our race.

The old and scriptural notion is that the world was spoken into existence—made out of nothing. We are not informed how much nothing is required to make something, or whether there was any of that wonderful stuff left after the job was completed, and with Ingersoll we must say that such a raw material is by far too thin for human comprehension.

Evolution or unfoldment implies an eternity of time, matter and space, and all that we may know of creation is the changes going on in the material universe, showing an unfinished condition of all things.

Creation implies completeness, something finished. Here is a lamp, the creation of human skill, except the material from which it was made, which in some form always existed. But the lamp is a finished thing, it can never be larger or more beautiful, it is finished, created, and can only go back to the primary elements.

You can see at a glance that this planet and its pro-

duct was not so made. The best things we know of are unfinished; hardly would any of this audience claim to be more than half done.

Evolution implies the co-existence of matter and force, and the co-eternity of time and space, and that matter is not dead as some suppose, and that force and motion are inherent in matter—and that force or spirit vitalizing matter has brought forth all things from the primary crudeness of the past.

Modern science begins with the atom to build a world, an atom so small as the odor of the rose which fills the air with rich perfume, or the scent by which the dog follows his master or game over the bare rock, and yet every atom contains the positive and negative force called the polarity of the atom, and is as complete in its self as this globe, which is simply an aggregation of atoms. Each atom is true to the law inherent in itself, and is that divine impulse which produced the worlds which swing in space.

Science says the world grew, as language and books grew, from sounds to letters from letters to words, from words to sentences, from sentences to chapters, and from chapters to books. So the world grew by chemical affinity or gravitation in the atom.

But what is gravitation—no one can tell, and I think that it is another proper name for God. We only know how it acts. I see its operation before me now. There are two young people who sit very close to each other. Why is it so? We say the reason is gravitation or love in the atom.

In the gross material we call that force gravitation. In human social relations we call it love—it is one and the same thing. Atoms cling to each other through

chemical affinity, or the love one atom has for another. We are composed of atoms caught upon the wheel of life and spun into human form, and, whether constituting the gases, rocks, soil, flowers, birds or human beings, the atom is true to a changeless law. Nature is all made out of the same stuff. Some atoms are attracted to each other and some repel each other, and they behave in the same manner when they are made up into human form. That is what ails the boy and girl. Chemical magnetic attraction or love in the atoms which draw them together.

The old universal churches used to have written in large letters over the pulpit, "God is love." I think they are about right, for it is through this principle that the worlds are swung in space and every aggregation of matter is formed.

By affinity in the atom they were drawn together and formed the gasses—the gasses by the same law formed the minerals—the minerals constitute the rocks, and the rocks laid down form the crust of our globe, and this rock ground to powder by the elements forms the soil which some people call dirt, our common mother, from which every living thing has been developed.

Science accounts for this planet on the nebular theory—that once in the far-off past all of the matter constituting the sun and planets of our solar system were gaseous mist or a sea of atoms. By chemical affinity these atoms flowed to a common center. By this flow, motion was produced and this great central sun became a rotating, fiery mass, rolling slowly from west to east. By cooling at the surface a crust was formed and contraction in size took place, and thus increasing the motion or momentum. By the accelerated motion

the plastic matter within the globe was heaped up about the equator, producing a bulging at the equator and a corresponding depression at the poles. These bulging masses from time to time were separated from the main body and were spun into globes by the same law that rounds the rain drop or tear falling from the eye.

Thus it is said that the planets of our solar system were born of the sun and in turn have become the parents of other heavenly bodies. Science offers many reasons known to the student for the correctness of this theory. Of course we are not absolutely certain of its truth, and yet it accounts for these bodies in a grand and rational manner, not only possible but highly probable. Men of brains will build worlds, and that theory which is the most reasonable and in keeping with natural law is far better than a belief in the spasmodic action of a so-called divine energy as set forth in the Hebrew Bible book. Thus science gives us the bare bed-rock of the globe, which in its apparent state of perfection is the result of the crudeness of the past, refined and beautified by natural development through long ages and indefinite periods of time.

Millions of years no doubt were occupied in grinding up the rocks into soil, and millions more in which the earth brought forth only the lowest forms of vegetation, and the character of what was produced was the best permissible under the conditions. Nature always does her best, and if you and I can say the same we are on the high road to happiness.

The order of all life on the planet seems to have been first the simple, then the complex, then the monstrous, and afterwards the symmetrical and refined. From

feeble forms of vegetation there followed a monstrous growth of ferns sixty or seventy feet in height, thrust up like magic during the carboniferous period, from which our coal beds were laid down, thus storing away in the earth the light and heat of the sun in a carbonized form for future use, and thus by regular stages and long periods of time the earth was prepared for animal life, the same law holding good in the animal as in the vegetable kingdom. At first low, crude forms of animal life, and then monstrous forms appear. How do we know that this was the order of life and the crust of the earth was thus laid down? We know it by geological proofs and the fossil remains of vegetation and animal life imbedded here and there like plums in an English pudding in the crust of our earth. Think you, did God create this planet in six days of time, and place these fossil remains in the order in which we find them to deceive us, that we might believe a lie and be damned. Not so, the light of nature is divine.

Why did not nature, when she essayed to make a tree, bring forth at first the majestic oak or lofty pine, the richly laden fruit tree or crimson clustered vine? The best that she could do was to try her hand at feeble moss and ferns. Why not at first have made the animals symmetrical and beautiful instead of hideous monster forms of life? This is not our business to enquire why. The question with us is, what were the methods and order of life; and we are led to suppose that things have been what they were and what they are to-day from necessity, as all things were produced in keeping with the conditions in every period of the earth's history.

How could the earth bring forth first-class life of tree, animal, bird or man enveloped in poisonous gases, with millions of volcanoes pouring forth their deadly flood, rocking and reeling from earthquakes, shaken and torn by the pent up forces which were lifting the crust of the mother earth high up in mountain ranges, midst the din and roar of elemental strife, and naught but childish fancy could ask why that which is last could not have been first, and none could have been so simple but for the foolish bible stories of the various religions of the world.

In due time our race appeared as we believe in the regular order of animal life. Not as Christians teach, complete in physical beauty and moral excellence, but the wild animal man. But for a moment imagine the bible story to be true. Look at Adam, what a grand man, what a broad head, what logic and wisdom were wrapped up in that primeval man, and yet according to the story his knowledge was not equal to the task of clothing his own nakedness. Look at mother Eve in all her pristine beauty. What a form divine, what a wealth of golden hair, what eyes, how they gleam like stars in the diadem of heaven, what a neck, like alabaster, what a wrist and ankle—as though turned in a lathe. Well, indeed, so she ought to be complete, for God had just got her finished. And then imagine how she was made, and see as only a Christian can see with the eye of faith.

The great and eternal God turned butcher, standing with the knife and bloody rib torn from Adam's side in his hand, puzzled, no doubt, as to whether he should make a brunette or blonde or upon which end of the rib he should put the head—and we drop the cur-

tain upon this Christain tableau of superstitious folly. Now look at this prehistoric pair created perfect about six thousand years ago, and then look at their progeny in all colors and all conditions—rag, tag, fag-end and bob-tail—some so low as to live in trees like apes, whose reason is so dim that they cannot be taught principles at all, and by far lower than the bug-eating Indian of California, and all of this great diversity brought about in so short a time.

They tell me that I must believe this silly story or be damned. Well, I think that I would rather take my chances of salvation with Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll than to submit to a stultification of reason and true manhood. Such a salvation costs too much.

It is far more reasonable to believe that as the earth has brought forth in its various geographical portions a wide diversity of flora and fauna—plants and animals—so also has nature through evolution sprouted, differentiated and produced its wild man—a low type, a mere animal, savage, naked, and covered with hair, without speech or language, and no doubt long periods of time elapsed in which low, guttural sounds served the purpose of language, and then from these grunting sounds the lowest type of language appeared, in which are found the roots of all of the languages of the present day, so perfect as compared with the past. All of this came by slow degrees, and yet our mode of expression is not complete or perfect. As all things else have grown so our language is growing, words are constantly being coined, our vocabulary will never be complete, and slang words soon take their places in the dictionary as proper words. This must be so as man is a progressive animal. Now with the growth of reason

comes also the growth of ideas; not perfect at first—as mental and physical life are near neighbors—right physical conditions preceding improved mental life. The growth of ideas, from the crude to the more refined, must have been the work of ages. See how slowly we give up old ideas. Generations are required for the embodiment of a new idea. Man in the childhood of our race was governed by fear—as the horse is governed by whip and spur, and for the same reason ignorance, fear and faith being twins, religion is as old as man. What governed man at first? Not God or Devil, but the laws of nature, just what should govern him now. Fear was the prime factor in the government of prehistoric man. Some of the forces of nature seemed evil, the sun burned them, the cold froze them, disease killed them. While on the other hand the genial forces blessed them with life and plenty—to one they sacrificed as to the good God, and to the other as the bad God. Here, then, we find the root of the God and Devil idea which forms the staple of all religious worship.

Then came vague theories about God; then a faint idea of responsibility to a higher power. How did these early people know right from wrong? They learned it as most of us have done—they did both and felt the consequences, and thus struck the balance between right and wrong. Some people talk as if mankind did not know evil from good until Sinai burned and smoked and Moses received the law. I tell you not so. Before Moses, books, or written law, man existed, and every human soul in all the past has been a Mount Sinai upon whose conscious reason has beat and throbbed the forces of nature, and every force of nature

has been a commandment to men, and there has been no guiding power for man superior to or above nature.

One would suppose that if there existed an infinitely wise and good God that he would have had a care for the weak and ignorant children of his love.

The bright red and luscious appearing berries which grew in the early time had to be eaten by somebody to test their deadly nature. Somebody had to suffer. Think you that when God made the deadly snake he tied a flag to its tail to warn men of the fatal bite. No, no; some poor soul had to suffer to gain that knowledge. Thus has it ever been, knowledge and moral life has grown in our race from the cruel grips and peltings of natural law. At first there could have been only the most horrid religions. Want of language led to symbolism; a long and careless use of symbols led to fetishism and a multitude of charms, idols and gods settled down upon the people like a horrid nightmare. And we are living yet amid the fragments of pagan rites—on every hand, dark and dismal errors linger near us, and in many a nook of our minds time-honored superstitions still robs our reason of its manhood. This outlook helps us to see that we are the result of the crudeness of the past and thus finding our true place in nature we will respect the poor, low and mean in the scale of life below us, and even the whole animal kingdom may be considered our poor relations, and like milestones they mark the road over which we have traveled.

I know there are many who scout at the idea of an animal origin for man. All must admit that he is an animal to-day, and the chances are that he was never an angel; and I am sure that Darwin's theory of man's

origin is far more reasonable than that a God made a man of clay and then blew in his nose the breath of life, and having thus made an angel, through the service of the woman and that wonderful snake, he has been going to the Devil ever since.

We are asked: But is Darwinism correct, and did man come from the monkey, and if so, why don't we see monkeys turning into men to-day. Well, we know of many men, and women too, who are more than half horse, dog and monkey to-day, and hence I strongly suspect that we are of the earth earthly and must own our kinship to all of the life which preceded us. But there is a word of comfort to the human being who is lower in his impulses and habits than the brute creature. It is this: it took nature a long time to bring man where he is to-day, and she has all time to perfect her work, of working out the animal and working in the angel, and thus evolution is a gospel of hope to this world because it reverses the old theory and places angelhood at the end and not at the beginning of the race. Be patient, your time will come yet, and if we are not able to find the missing link or see monkeys turning into men, it is because as science says, "Life is an ascending series of steps, far apart."

Ages were occupied in the branching off or differentiating of the various forms of life. Generations cannot mark the steps, so slow has been the processes of evolution. Ages are between the steps, hence ages are required to make a result, besides the stages or steps of life are blended together or into each other, and yet enough facts are known relating to the enfoldment of life to make the theory highly probable that all knowledge grew from small beginnings and that experience

and the law of necessity has pushed our race forward to its present attainment, opening the door from the age of helplessness to the ages of wood, stone, bronze, iron, silver and gold, while suffering, sorrow, pain and death has followed close beside man's pathway all along the line of life.

We have heard a great deal said about the goodness of God in saving the world. From what and to what has it been saved. To my mind human suffering has been the savior of our race. It is almost idle to ask why did not that infinitely wise and good God long ages ago give us the steam engine, steel plow and the sewing machine to save the poor backs and sides which ached. He did not seem to mind our woes but let the man plow on with his wooden plow, and the woman suffer on with her aching back, and never once thought to send her a cooking stove or a sewing machine.

But then God is so good you know. God the father, son and ghost, might have given the world ages ago the steamship and steam power to open commerce, turn the wheels of industry and civilize the world, but the nearest approach to the steamboat and clipper ship was the dug-out, and that he permitted him to dig out for himself while God looked on and did not even furnish a saw with which to cut the log and fire was used instead, and then he had to make his own fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together. But while he worked and suffered his skull grew and his intellect expanded until inventive genius was born, which has scattered blessings in his path.

But then God is so good to save us after we are dead, in another world. But I should think more favorably of the Christian God if he had lifted the burdens of

our race in this world and let the other world take care of itself. In conclusion, let me say that evolution is nature's plan of salvation and tells of better conditions on the way to save man from animalism and lift him into the sunlight of a full rounded manhood.



MY RELIGION

That friendship is the deepest
Which counts its years in growth,
That knowledge is most precious
Which hath cost me most.

That goodness is most worthy
Which, like the light of heaven,
Seeks out the poor and fallen,
And visits those in prison.

That love is best and sweetest
Which seeks another's gain,
That charity the broadest
Which hides a brother's stain.

That faith is best and truest
Which is world-wide in its span,
That church and creed the highest
Which brings most good to man.

That hope is best for me
Which most inspires my life,
That reaches out beyond the grave
And saves from earthly strife.

That world is best just now
Which offers most of duty,
That soul feels most of heaven
Who drinks in most of beauty.

That truth is best and highest
Which helps me on my way,
That lifts the soul from darkness
And points to endless day.

That heaven is best for me
That brings me to my own,
Where dear and loved ones gone before
Will greet us welcome home.

A Heaven of higher life and love
Which knows no sect or clan,
But opens wide the Heavenly gate
To the divine in man.

All are the children of the Father,
Sparks from that central sun,
Not a soul, though feeble in goodness
Can be lost to the Infinite One.



BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes,
Bowing low to wealth and favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract and waver,
Willing to be drove and led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his most lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—backbone.

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas which his priest may read;
Holding back all noble feeling,
Choking down each manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols

Than to know the good and true;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his most lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—backbone.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position,
In the ring or at the poles;
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound,
Destitute of pluck or ballast,
Double-sided all around;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the things which his most lack.

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense or tone
Than this—backbone.

A modest song and plainly told—
The text is worth a mine of gold,
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.

BE THYSELF.

Be thyself; a nobler gospel
Never preached the Nazarene;
Be thyself; 'tis Holy Scripture,
Though no Bible lids between.

Dare to shape the thought in language
That is lying in thy brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

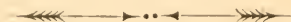
What, though pirate knaves surround thee,
Nail thy colors to the mast;
Flinch not, flee not—boldly sailing,
Thou shalt gain the port at last.

Be no parrot, idly prating,
Thoughts the spirit never knew;
Be a prophet of the God-sent,
Telling all thy message true.

Then the coward world will scorn thee:
Friends may fail and fiends may frown;
Heaven itself grow dark above thee,
Gods in anger thence look down.

Heed not; there's a world more potent
 Carried in thy manly heart;
 Be thyself, and do thy duty,
 It will always take thy part.

If the God within says "Well done,"
 What are other Gods to thee?
 Hell's his frown, but where his smile is,
 There is Heaven for the free. -



EVOLUTION.

This world of nature and of force,
 In Nature's book eternal and sublime,
 The records of our planet's growth,
 With all its forms divine.

And yet, in past 'twas counted sin
 To read its pages clear;
 By priest and saint it was ignored
 Through ignorance and fear.

Evolution is the unfoldment of life,
 And tells of growth by gravitation;
 Unfolded from early conditions,
 Not made as declared by divine revelation.

It relates to all things in existence;
The earth and product of every kind;
Of life and being great and small
In the world of matter and of mind.

At first a sea of atoms vast,
And then a central sun,
From which the planets have been born,
And in their orbits spun.

As our solar systems thus were born
So other systems found their place;
By Nature's law in matter found
Throughout a universe of space.

No word or sound or voice profound
Was heard to speak in all this realm of space;
Only the silent work of Nature's law
Brought worlds and being into place.

Millions of years both fire and flood,
With chemic action wrought in this great plan,
To lay foundations broad and deep,
And build this home for man.

Not only did the elements conspire,
And with new forms of being blend,
But sentient life joined in the plan
Of Nature's work a hand to lend.

Thus all forms of life were born
From Nature's vital force;
In many moulds its essence fell
As life pursued its course.

Still on, yet on life's current flowed,
And left its trace in channels as it ran;
In plant and tree, in fish and bird and beast,
But found its highest type in man.

The martyrdom of man
Is Nature's broad highway
Through which the race is trav'ling up
To wisdom's endless day.

So evolution tells the story
How all things have come to be
In this universe of law,
On earth, in air and sea.

And of all the plans to save the soul
In sacred books by revelation,
There's none so clear as Nature gives
In her great book of evolution.



INFIDELITY--OUR RELIGION.

THE

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

What one believes may be termed his religion, and what one absolutely knows must be science, and to the thinking mind the realm of belief grows less as knowledge increases. What I thought I knew when I was a shouting Methodist is not now even a belief, and what I believed then has faded clean out. About God I know nothing, and where there are no facts there ought to be no belief, hence about God I believe nothing. About the future state of being I have no absolute knowledge, but from convictions forced upon me by the phenomena I have witnessed in my own family and elsewhere pointing in that direction, I am compelled to believe in conscious existence after death. But as my Methodism took wings and flew away, so also may this belief give way before a wider knowledge, but I hope not, as the hope which this belief inspires is beyond price.

Faith in the truthfulness of the Bible as evidence made me a Methodist, so also faith in the import of mental and physical phenomena makes me a believer in continued life. Destroy my faith in what stands for evidence to-day and I am simply an Infidel, or unbeliever. Some liberals run from this word as they would from a mad bull, but to me the word infidel has a significance of which no true man or woman need be ashamed. We are told by some that liberalism or infidelity is a bundle of negations, and that Infidels don't believe anything, teach anything, or build anything, and all their efforts tend to destroy and leave everything in ruins.

Now this is a great mistake made by ignorant and prejudiced people. It is not true that liberalism or infidelity don't teach anything, and for every old and decayed plank in the creeds which she destroys she puts a better one in its place, and as a mighty builder has a positive side. In place of fable and fiction she gives facts; in place of supernaturalism she gives us natural religion backed up by every natural science; in place of creation in six periods of time she gives the evolution of all things in an eternity of time, and teaches that this world of matter and mind is governed by eternal and inexorable law and that unfoldment and progression is the law of the universe. Liberalism teaches universal salvation in the individual through natural development—a self salvation which holds good in this world or any other, and that nature is complete in herself to do all things, and that this world is running on, not under the blasting mildew of a curse, but under the blessing of heaven. Liberalism and infidelity teaches that true religion is goodness.

and is not Hebrew or Christian, but is as natural to man as mechanism, music, or anything else to which nature has adapted him to attain; not based upon belief but inherent in the nature of things, and a more rational and glorious doctrine has never been taught to man than the doctrine that man's intellectual and moral nature as certainly unfolds under natural law as does the fragrant flower or field of grain.

I have had many good and well meaning people tell me that if they believed as I do they would not stop at any degree of crime. Such people seem to be ignorant of the fact that all the truth and moral life the world has ever received has come from nature, and that natural religion teaches human moral responsibility; that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; if he sow to the wind he shall reap the whirlwind; if he sow to the flesh he shall reap animalism and corruption, and that pain or punishment in the economy of nature is for the purpose of reform; and to-day infidelity, to the thinking mind, furnishes a thousand fold stronger motives to be good, to do good, to buy the truth and sell it not, than all other religions upon the earth, for while the motives of eternal hell and eternal glory are fast fading out, natural law remains the same and forever teaches us that true religion is not an effort on God's part to save man, as all efforts imply failure and are human, but an effort on man's part to bring himself into harmony with nature, of which he is a part. Harmony is heaven in this world, or any other.

Now I know that infidelity don't teach much about God, heaven, hell, or angels. Well, it don't know much about what will happen in another life, and, as for deity, it is unthinkable to an intelligent mind,

and to say the least it can afford to be modest and not quarrel with any one about things of which we can know so little, and with a kindly spirit for all, leaving many questions open, and yet rest securely in the sovereignty of natural law.

It is true that infidelity don't build churches and lay upon human hearts the burdens of religious worship, as she has no use for churches, and honestly believes that every church spire pointing to the sky is a remnant of paganism and emblem of superstition. Rather let us build school houses and teach natural science to the children, their relation to nature and to each other; and it will be a glad day to this world when the priest shall fall to the rear and the school master come to the front, and the church give way to the college of learning, and the temple of science lift her smiling face above the clouds of bigotry and religious fanaticism.

For centuries the word infidel has been used as an epithet to stigmatize those who dare step aside from time-worn paths of religious thought with some such significance as the words; mad dog, small pox, or yellow fever, and from early boyhood I was taught to regard Infidels as bad people—not that they did not pay their debts as well as other people, nor because they were not as good husbands, wives, sons and daughters as those of the Christian faith, but because they did not believe what I was taught to believe about God and the devil. And not until late in life did I discover the fallacy of measuring human character by the standard of any religious belief, as goodness or badness does not consist in what men believe about God or heaven, but in what they are and what they do. for

there are plenty of people who believe the entire schedule of religious clap-trap and are chuck full of religion, and yet to their families are as mean as dirt, devoid of honesty and true manhood. There is not a religion on earth which does not hold all to be infidels who do not embrace their faith, see the truth as they see it, and worship God in the same way they worship him. The Protestants are infidels to the Catholics, and both are infidels to the Jews. This is infidelity the world over, and from the beginning of the Christian era every effort has been made by the Christian Church to force all people to believe the same things about God and salvation. No doubt this effort grew out of an honest belief that God wrote the Bible, and in that book commanded that all should believe certain things or be damned. But honesty and sincerity without reason has filled this world with cruelty and blood. Hence unbelief or infidelity, which is simply a struggle for mental freedom, has grown up as the result of religious evolution.

In every period of the world's history a few brave men have spoken their honest convictions, and for the extermination of these men the church has used the utmost limit of her power. She has sown the seeds of contention and bitterness everywhere and among all peoples, and the sacred ties of family and kinship have given way before the flood tides of religious deviltry. Fire and sword has reaped the harvest of innocence whose only crime was honest unbelief, and the cruel waves of red-handed war like a rising tide has swept over the world in the name of religion, and ever has floated the bloody banner of Jesus Christ.

Religion, like everything else, is the subject of evolu-

tion. Change and progress is the law of the universe. The philosophy and science of five thousand years ago does not contain the sum total of knowledge to-day. No, the world moves, and men are everywhere, Sampson-like, feeling after the pillars of fraud, sham and superstition, and this effort to know the truth is called heresy and infidelity.

The religions of the past have been the clothing of the childhood of our race, and adapted to the people who originated them—the eyesight of an age when the eye was dim. The creeds of the world have been the crutches on which the race have hobbled in their ignorance and superstition. But it does not follow that men and women need always to wear goggles or walk on crutches. So far as we may know, the religions of the world have grown from one parent stalk, as by history we find that ancient India is the birth-place and mother of the religions, morals, language and literature of the world, and our best scholars inform us that this early religion inspired the Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman civilization, and still pervades the economy of our laws and usage to-day. Cousin says that the history of this early Hindu religion is the abridged history of the philosophy of the whole world, and thus did the wise men of India precede the wisdom of Moses of the Jews and give her laws, religion and customs to Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome. Thus it happens that the story of Chrisna precedes the story of Christ, and the silly story of the virgin mother in the Bramin religion is many centuries older than the story of the virgin mother of Bethlehem.

We see then that the infidelity of our age consists in not believing that Jesus of Nazareth was the only

crucified savior of men. How could that which was written first been copied from that which was written last. If I could say that Brahminism and Buddhism were copied from Christianity, and that the beautiful vedas and scriptures of the Hindus were copied from the Hebrew, and that all of the moral life of the world had emanated from Christianity, I could be a Christian instead of an Infidel, but in the light of history I can't say this, hence I am compelled to take the place and name of Infidel.

To my mind infidelity is an inspiration. All inspiration is an inbreathing from the infinite universe, and has not been confined to any country or people, and the infidelity of the world is the result of inspiration quite as much as the religious thought of the world. From the dust covered centuries of the twilight ages, from the martyred dead of the far-off past among all peoples, inspired thoughts like shocks from the battery of truth have blessed humanity and stirred the pulse of the world. From the dim distance of more than five thousand years ago comes the voice of the Hindu law-giver and prototype of Moses, and from Buddha, the divine man and prototype of Jesus—quite as moral and divine as anything found in the Bible of the Jews.

More than twenty-five centuries ago from Zoroaster, Pythagoras and Confucius, has poured forth a stream of inspiration, which in point of wisdom and moral beauty is at least equal to anything in the four gospels attributed to Jesus, the modern savior man. More than two thousand years ago from Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Lucretius, and on down to Apollonius and Jesus, there has been a constant stream of knowledge.

moral life and goodness shed forth to enlighten the world, and there has been no age destitute of inspired men in science, morals and religion.

Let me give a few brief quotations from Buddha, who, as a moral teacher, has no superior among men:

"A man who does me wrong I will return to him the protection of my love; the more evil that goes from him the more good shall go from me."

"Let a man overcome anger with love, evil by good, the liar by truth."

"The evil doer mourns in this world and he shall mourn in the next."

"He who casts aside his appetites, who keeps armed with the virtue and endowed with temperance and integrity, he indeed is worthy of the yellow garment."

"Forsake all evil, bring forth good; master thy passions and thoughts." Such is Buddha's faith to the end of all pain.

What did Jesus or his apostles ever say that excels these passages, and yet we are asked to shut our eyes to the claims of other saviors and thus rob others of justice that Jesus may be crowned lord of all. To be an Infidel is to regard Jesus as a reflector of borrowed light and a reflex of the inspiration of his day.

Infidelity is as old as man, for as long as men have worshiped Gods so long has there been people who did not believe in Gods, and were the Infidels of ancient times. The old Greek poet, Diagoras, who lived twenty-three hundred years ago, was an Infidel. He said that his Gods were the atoms and that he would sooner worship no Gods and believe in none, than to worship Gods who tolerated cruelty and wickedness or were powerless to prevent it. Religious people put a

price upon his head and he had to flee to save his life. This was ancient infidelity, and this is the doctrine of Tyndall and the leading scientists of our day, that the atom, and the law inherent in it, stands between us and a supposed God. And like Diagoras of old we can't get behind the atom to see whether there be a God or not.

There may be a thousand Gods for aught we know instead of three. But if there is they are figments of the imagination, and powerless to help or harm us. Don't talk to me about a good and overruling providence who created nature—a machine—and then can't control its forces to save innocent life from wholesale death by fire, water, earthquakes, tornadoes, and other fearful calamities which fill whole countries with agony and death in its most frightful forms. And above all don't ask me to bend the knee in worship of such an infinite monster of cruelty. To say that God in his mercy sees fit to make such use of infinite power, is to insult reason and common sense.

This is infidelity, but let me follow where reason leads—to do less is idiocy and mental death—and I am sure we will not be ashamed of the company we are keeping. I am glad to join hands in spirit tonight with the Infidels of the past who have made it possible for us to be free. I love to think of old Socrates, that grand old deist who held such an exalted belief and led such a pure life when the world was cursed and polluted with false religion. Who can but admire the life of Mahomet, fighting for the doctrine of one God—no more. A brighter light has no one shed on the darkness of his age; or Campanella, who was kept in prison twenty-seven years and put to

the torture seven times for the sake of science; or Vanini, who had his tongue torn out, and was burned by followers of Jesus—who said, love one another; or poor old Roger Bacon, who laid in prison ten years that our children might have text books in the schools.

And not only have brave men stood up for truth, but the page of history gleams like a diamond's light with the name of Hypatia, that mistress of logic, eloquence and philosophy, who was torn from her carriage and butchered in cold blood by Christian monks and yielded up her sweet life as one of the fruits of Paul's doctrine—let a woman keep silence. I should be ungrateful to men who died for me should I pass over in silence the names of Bruno and Servetus, whose ghosts should haunt the Church of Christ to her dying day; and it makes the hot blood of indignation come and go when I think how the lives of these grand men went out in fire and smoke at the hands of Christian devils. What for? Oh, simply that one was a Unitarian and could not see how the son could be as old as the father. The other—the splendid Bruno—because he held to the doctrine which Tyndall and Huxley teaches to-day—the potency of matter and completeness of nature.

How can any true man or woman be ashamed of such company? I am proud to claim a kinship in sentiment, spirit and purpose with such a noble man as Voltaire, that blazing light of the eighteenth century; he who had the backbone to defy and point the finger of scorn and contempt at all the living kings and priests of the old world, whose lips turned white with rage at the livid lightning shocks which fell from his pen. He it was who said the only gospel we should

read is the book of nature, written with God's own hand and stamped with his own seal. The only religion we ought to profess is to reverence God and act like honest men. It would be as impossible for this simple and eternal religion to produce evil, as it would be impossible for the Christian superstition not to produce it.

Who can but feel a sense of honest pride to be counted in sympathy with the spirit and life work of such noble men: D. Holback, Hugo, Humboldt, Franklin, Jefferson, Buckle, Comte, Kant, Draper, Garrison, Lincoln, and a host of others whose lives have shed light into the darkness of the past, and have lived, loved and suffered in the cause of mental freedom. And of such lives one name more I bring, and as I approach that name I feel a deep sense of gratitude for such a life as that of Thomas Paine—name ever dear to every justice and liberty-loving man and woman. Born in poverty as he was and yet how rich in true wealth; born as he was amid the cruel, surging breakers of political and religious despotism, and yet how true to the spirit which, like the pole star, guided his life, rising like a Sampson in his might he carried away the gates of king craft and priest craft, the enemies of human freedom. He had no reverence for sacred and time-honored lies; and his great heart throbbed for the down-trodden, suffering poor. He gave up all as a sacrifice upon the altar of liberty and truth. He lost everything but the love of truth and self-respect. Some of his friends forsook him when in prison because he was true to himself. Who but the immortal Paine could have said: Where liberty is not, there is my country. There is not in all

the Bibles of the world a sentiment more grand—glowing as it does with self-abnegation and devotion to liberty. And may heaven forget me and mine if I forget to pay my poor tribute of love and gratitude to these saviors of men, not in a sense of hero worship or man worship, but in a sense made mellow and tender by the memory of injustice, ingratitude and persecution, which, like a dark cloud, has followed in the pathway of these great infidels of the past.

A few more years of infidelity and free thought: a few more Bennetts in prison for the sake of principle; a few more men like Ingersoll to carry the torch handed down from the Infidels of the past, and superstition will flee away like fog before the morning sun. I am glad that the day-star of hope is rising on high, and what the church calls infidelity has become the hope of this world.

Infidelity and unbelief in senseless creeds and dogmas has saved this world from the night of barbarism, opened wide the doors for science, and scattered its blessings in the pathway of our race.

Liberalism, unbelief and infidelity is not unfaithfulness to truth and duty. Let no man pride himself on being an Infidel unless he be a seeker and lover of truth and justice.

Free thinking is not loose thinking. True religion is simply goodness, and infidelity, the crowning glory of a full rounded manhood, is freedom to think, and liberty to utter ones best thought for truth and liberty.



I WANT TO BE AN INFIDEL.

I want to be an infidel;
And with infidels to stand;
No crown upon my forehead;
Nor harp within my hand.

I'd rather be an infidel
To every book and creed
That binds the soul in galling chains,
And fails to meet its need.

I want to be an infidel,
From superstition free;
My God and heaven within the soul
My church and priest to be.

I'd rather be an infidel,
And champion human rights,
Than wear the garb of priest or king,
With all their lordly might.

I'd rather be an infidel,
My church within my mind,
Than lend a hand to sect or clan,
My brother man to bind.

I love the name of infidel,
 'Tis sweet music to my ear;
A synonym of liberty,
 A charm for childish fear.

I want to be an infidel,
 Like Ingersoll, the brave,
And help to lift the masses up,
 Though it lead to martyr's grave.

I would that all were infidels,
 It is superstitions tomb;
It brings the day of science near,
 'Tis manhood's richest bloom.

Who would not be an infidel,
 And the ranks of freedom swell;
To fight the wrongs of church and state,
 And quench the fires of hell?

I'm proud to be an infidel,
 Tho' of gold it brings small gain;
'Tis wealth enough, the power of tho't—
 The Common Sense of Paine.



NATURE AND GRACE.

It has always been thought a most critical case,
When a man was possessed of more Nature than Grace;
For Theology teaches that man from the first
Was a sinner by Nature, and justly accurst;
And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan,
Which God had invented to save erring man.
'Twas the only atonement He knew how to make
To annul the effects of His own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown,
Who preached, not long since, in a small country town.
He was zealous and earnest, and could so excel
In describing the tortures of sinners in hell,
That a famous revival commenced in the place,
And hundreds of souls found salvation by grace;
But he felt that he had not attained his desire
Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold,
With great brawny sinews, like Vulcan of old;
He had little respect for what ministers preach,
And sometimes was very profane in his speech.
His opinions were founded on clear common sense,
And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offense;
But however wanting, in whole or in part,
He was sound, and all right, when you came to his
heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent,
To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went;
And there, while the hammer industriously swung,
He preached and he prayed, exhorted and sung,
And warned, and entreated poor Peter to fly
From the pit of destruction before he should die;
And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful
 strife
In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life.

Well, and what would you now be inclined to expect
Was the probable issue and likely effect?
Why, he swore "like a pirate," and what do you think?
From a little black bottle took something to drink!
And he said "I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb,
But as for the River it aren't worth a ——;"
Then pausing, as if to restrain his rude force,
He quietly added, "a mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled,
As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head;
And as he continued to haste on his way,
He was too much excited to sing or to pray;
But he thought how that some were elected by Grace,
As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place—
While others were doomed to the pains of hell-fire,
And if e'er there was one such 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night, when the Storm King was riding on high,
And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright in the
 sky,
The church of the village, "the Temple of God,"

Was struck, for the want of a good lightning rod,
And swiftly descending, the elements dire
Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,
While he peacefully slumbered, with never a fear
Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There was Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe,
All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below,
While their father was near, with their mother at rest,
(Like the wife of John Rogers "with one at the
breast.")

But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove,
Was asleep all alone in the room just above;
And when the wild cry of the rescuer came
She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love,
When lo! one was missing—"O Father above!"
How madly she shrieked in her agony wild—
"My Alice! my Alice! O, save my dear child!"
Then down on his knees fell the Parson, and prayed
That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed.
Said Peter McGuire: "Prayer is good its place,
But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,
To shield his great arms, all besmattered with dirt;
Then into the billows of smoke and of fire,
Not pausing an instant dashed Peter McGuire.
O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense!
How breathless their watching! their fear how intense!
And then their great joy! which was freely expressed
When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid
In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed;
And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled,
He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.
O, these tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his
face,
Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature of
Grace;
'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign
Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can,
Preach of "total depravity" innate in man.
Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild
To say that the Father thus cursed his own child.
Go learn of the stars, and the dew-spangled sod,
That all things rejoice in the goodness of God;
That each thing created is good in its place,
And Nature is but the expression of Grace.



WILL IT PAY?

— — —
Men say what they will
Of the author of ill,
And the wiles of the devil that tempt them astray,
But there's something far worse—
A more terrible curse—
It is selling the truth for the sake of the pay.

Like Judas of old,
For silver and gold,
Man often has bartered his conscience away,
Has walked in disguise,
And has trafficked in lies,
If the prospect was good that the business would pay.

If a fortune is made
By cheating in trade,
It is seldom, if ever, men question the way;
But they make it a rule
That a man is a fool
Who strives to make justice and honesty pay.

An instance more clear
Could never appear,
Than was seen in the life of old Nicholas Gray;
Who ne'er made a move
In religion or love,
Unless he was sure that the venture would pay.

He built him a house
That would scarce hold a mouse,
Where he managed to live in a miserly way,
Till he said: "On my life,
I will take me a wife;
It is running a risk—but think it will pay."

Then he opened a store,
Whose fair, tempting door,
Led sure and direct to destruction's broad way;
For liquor he sold
To the young and the old,
To the poor and the wretched, and all who could pay.

A woman once came
And in God's holy name,
She prayed him his terrible traffic to stay,
That her husband might not
Be a poor, drunken sot,
And spend all his money for what would not pay.

Old Nicholas laughed,
As his whisky he quaffed,
And he said, "If your husband comes hither to-day,
I will sell him his dram,
And I don't care a—clan
How you are supported if I get my pay."

So he prospered in sin,
And continued to win
The wages of death in this terrible way,
Till a constable's raid
Put an end to his trade,
And closed up the business as well as the pay.

To church he then went,
With a pious intent
Of "getting religion," as some people say—
For he said, "It comes cheap,
And costs nothing to keep,
And from close observation I think it will pay."

But the tax and the tithe
Made old Nicholas writhe,
And he thought that the plate came too often his way;
So he soon fell from grace,
And made vacant his place,
For he said, "I perceive that religion don't pay."

Still striving to thrive,
And thriving to strive,
His attention was turned a political way;
But he could not decide
Which party or side
Would be the most likely to prosper or pay.

He was puzzled, and hence
He sat on the fence,
Prepared in an instant to jump either way;
But it fell to his fate
To jump just too late,
And he said in disgust, "This of all things don't pay."

Year passed after year,
And there did not appear
A spark of improvement in Nicholas Gray,
For his morala grew worse

With the weight of his purse,
As he managed to make his rascality pay.

At length he fell ill,
So he drew up his will,
Just in time to depart from his mansion of clay;
And he said to old Death,
With his last gasp of breath,
"Don't hunt for my soul, for I know it won't pay."

O, 'tis sad to rehearse,
In prose or in verse,
The faults and the follies that lead men astray;
For gold is but dross,
And a terrible loss,
When conscience and manhood are given in pay.

Then be not deceived,
Though men have believed
That 'tis lawful to sin in a general way;
But stick to the right
With all of your might,
For truth is eternal, and always will pay.



THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Oh ! search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go, look in your hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long-lighted vistas, the wildering view,
Go there at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go, look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find, if you can,
Who opens the pew for the moneyless man.

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor
Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore;
Walk up to their counters—ah! there you may stay,
Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall
 grow gray,
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Go, look to your judge, in his dark, flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their limbs on the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there in the court-room and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a "welcome" above for a moneyless man.



HOW TO BE HAPPY;

———AND———

THE OBJECTS AND USES OF LIFE.

———

When we ask ourselves "what are the objects and uses of life?" we find no solution of the problem only as we find it wrapped up in the nature of things. And, believing, as I do, in the infinite adaptation of means to ends in the natural world, I must infer that life is meant for happiness.

This grand and beautiful world is full of life, and in whatever form life manifests itself, whether in plant, tree or animal, to reach the best results implies conditions of culture. This is as true of man as any other animal, and is as true of the mind as of the physical being; and to promote healthful, and consequently happy life, is a science of the highest importance. For as every phase of life is dependent on conditions for its manifestations, so also is our happiness or misery the result of law and the conditions surrounding us. For while it is true that we did not make ourselves and the defective organisms, which are ours by inheritance, and are in large part the creatures of circumstances, yet there is a margin for us wherein we may do much towards furnishing conditions and in some sense be-

come the creatures of circumstance and yet remain but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is, and God the soul.

To be happy then, the first and great command of nature is, be healthy. This command is stamped upon animate nature in all her parts. Be healthy in body by obedience to the law of our physical being, not by taking drugs, but by natural sanitary conditions. Be healthy in mind, for there are quite as many diseased minds as there are diseased bodies—physical and mental life are near neighbors and act and rest upon each other. Be healthy in mind, not by drugging the mind with schemes of atonement or trying to dodge the effects of natural law, but by obedience to the law of the mind and breathing the pure air of mental freedom. Cultivate all the faculties of the intellect, let creeds and dogmas go to the bats and owls of the past, for these obscure the mental vision and prejudice the mind against new forms of truth. And thus being natural, grow wiser and better, and with the pure fresh inspiration of to-day, be happy—for a healthy body and mind is happiness, if not there must be a sad defect in the divine economy of this world.

The wide world over mankind are struggling to be happy; and riches or to be wealthy is the great hobby of this world in both civilized and barbarous life. And so it is, the world rushes on pell-mell after this phantom which eludes the grasp at every turn, leaving its weary victim far in the rear, soured and saddened in the race after this *ignus fatuus*, or false light to human happiness. To my mind the old proverb which says: "He that makes haste to be rich brings a snare upon his soul," is true to nature, and simply the enunciation

of natural law, the operation of which may be seen in society on every hand.

For an illustration take the poor laboring man in the shop or in the field. He has health, and his sleep is made sweet by daily toil. He is content with his lot and enjoys in a high degree the blessings of family and home. His wife is all the world to him, and their mutual love and affection makes their little home a heaven—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed children, chips from two loving hearts, like olive plants grow up about their table to make their bond of union more complete. They are poor as the world counts riches, and yet they are happy, but now comes the demon of unrest and anxious disquietude. While hard at work, his arm strong and his heart light by the thought of home and those dependent upon him, he lifts his eyes and sees approaching a magnificent carriage with Mr. Shoddy and Mrs. Shoddy, and all the little Shoddies, rolling along in gorgeous splendor. He stops his work and gazes after the gay equipage until out of sight. Then heaves a sigh and says to himself: Money buys everything, and money will buy all these; and in this unhappiest moment of his whole life he makes a vow to be rich, come what will.

Now then begins a strain upon his honesty and affections to which he was before a stranger. He makes everything bend to his passion to be rich, and this is the snare set for the soul who makes haste to be rich. He loses his frankness and becomes sly and cautious, and learns the tricks of trade, which politeness calls business tact. He is so absorbed in money-making that he loses all the pleasure he had in wife, children and home, and becomes penurious and ill-natured.

The wife of his young heart is starving for the love which has become a shipwreck, grows sad and careworn, or seeks that love elsewhere to which her home has become a stranger; and even the children grow serious at the sound of his footstep, as though some dread shadow had fallen on their path. He joins the church to extend his business relations, and thus by one move becomes a bigot and a hypocrite that he may become rich. He gains ten thousand dollars but is not happy yet; he gains one hundred thousand dollars and is not happy yet; he gains five hundred thousand dollars and yet happiness recedes from him. He coins his body and all the aspirations of his soul into dollars and lies down in premature death a rich man, but how poor in those qualities of mind which are the true riches which outlive the ravages of time.

Oh, how a morbid desire to be rich paralyzes the higher faculties of the mind and closes the windows of the soul to the better influences of higher life. But thus it is, meanness is a part of the price it costs to be rich, and I don't wonder that the prophet said, "Hardly shall a rich man enter into heaven;" simply because there is no heaven in wealth alone, but rather in a contented mind.

Next to getting rich comes getting religion as a means of happiness. Now to many people religion is a means to develop a higher and better manhood, and the Bible, Jesus, rites and ceremonies, or religious notions, are helps or means, not masters, to aid in developing human nature and lift it to higher levels of life and experience. To many, religion is a ladder or a crutch, and that is the best religion which helps one most.

With this view of religion I have no fault to find. But it does not follow that because a ladder is a need to a short man and a crutch to a lame man that everybody should carry a ladder or hobble about on a crutch. But to the vast mass of mankind false views of religion have obtained, and it stands to them, not as a means, but a finality and the end to be attained, the forgiveness of sin. To me this is dangerous doctrine. God is law and sin is a violation of law, and God can't forgive sin no more than water can run up hill. They speak of religion as though it could be taken on by exposure like measles or other contagious maladies, and I have always noticed that women take it a great deal harder and more readily than men.

I was exposed to it when I was very young and had it so hard that it lasted me about twenty-five years. I should have been relieved of this complaint much sooner but for the gospel medicine which was constantly given to keep the disease alive. With this view of religion I have no sympathy, and will do all I can to relieve men from this nightmare and phantom which so many pursue in search of happiness.

When you see physical life manifesting itself in spasms the doctor tells you that it is abnormal and dangerous. Most mothers are frightened out of their wits when the baby goes into fits. And yet they will send the child to Sunday school for years to bring it into a chronic state of mental disorder—religious fits, a malady which can only be cured by free thought and common sense, and may take years of time to effect a cure; and as a rule such as believe in this kind of religion are the most unhappy people in the world.

Whoever goes into a bar-room where the inmates

are all fuddled, and remains sober himself, will soon be disgusted with the wretched business. But just let him take a few nips himself and he soon becomes part and parcel, and everything is right and lovely. Just so it is at a revival meeting for saving souls. A sober, sensible spectator is disgusted at what he sees and hears until he gets the jim jams himself.

Now it matters not what you debauch the mind with, whether it be rum or religion, you have unbalanced and disqualified the man or woman for the proper and healthy exercise of reason—nature's light and voice in the human soul.

I attended a camp meeting not long since and it happened to be the last Sunday after a three weeks' run, and I must say such a banged-up, fagged-out crowd of people I never saw before, with eyes blood-shot, red and swollen almost out of their heads, shouting, singing, crying, snivelling, in all degrees of fanatical idiocy, because they were so happy. One old lady with streaming eyes related how good God had been to her daughter, Sally Ann, as she had found Jesus. And then she sang through her nose in shrill snuffy accent:

"Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the lamb."

And I said to myself, can it be possible that I ever was such a goose, and I had to acknowledge the corn that I had slopped over just like that. How in the nature of things can such a religion make any one happy; how can the belief in total depravity and eternal damnation produce happiness; how can the belief that the All Father made the most of mankind to be lost and this

world a seething maelstrom, with an eternal hell for its vortex, make people happy.

Can men and women of thought and feeling be truly happy in the belief that Jesus died to save a world, and then after all this outlay—the death of a God—only a little handful are to be saved? Can it yield me any happiness to feel that my father and the dear old mother who bore me, and brothers and sisters who loved me, are in hell, while I, by some hook or crook, am to have a white apron and crown in heaven? How can I have an exalted conception of an infinite deity that would permit an almost infinite devil, and millions of little devils, to trip my feet and lead me down to eternal perdition? To worship such a God, is to me the worst form of blasphemy.

To my mind getting religion is an excitation or spasm, produced by magnetic and psychological power through the law of sympathy. A great big, full-chested, red-hot, magnetic Methodist medicine man, when the conditions are favorable, can whip up the emotions into a foam—this is psychology—and in this condition of helplessness their poor victims are tortured into a state of temporary insanity. You have no doubt seen exhibitions of this power, in which the operator will cause the subject to taste sweet, sour, bitter and salt, all out of the same glass, and cause them to feel what he feels and see what he professes to see.

Thus the seeker after religion or change of heart, as they call it, tries to see the fall of man and a sin-cursed world, a virgin mother, a bleeding Jesus, the atoning lamb. Then they try to see themselves, morally, covered with sores from top to toe—this is called conviction for sin. After this terrible self-abasement,

human nature reacts and the tides of feeling are turned by music, prayer and songs into another channel and extreme called conversion or being born again.

But it is far better to be well born the first time, because with returning reason and mature thought a large percentage of religious victims begin to doubt this sacred clap-trap. Then they are told by the incurably pious that to doubt is to be damned, and thus they are kept on the rack, like a toad under a harrow, for years, or made utter hypocrites by professing what they do not believe, and what is not susceptible of any proof in nature, science or reason.

How can such a religion, with its anxious cares and imaginary duties, bring happiness to the human heart? But the religion of nature which is not a belief but a growth and development, promoted by facts, not fancies, and a faith in the good order of this universe by hope in the possibilities of human nature, and love for the good, beautiful and true. These golden links make progress possible, bind man to man, and man to the eternal God.

How the people of this planet have suffered from phantoms—the Gods, the comets and the Devil. The Gods, as science advances, are growing less troublesome to the human family. The comets, through astronomical science, have lost their terror. The people no longer fear to be wiped out of existence by the comet's tail. So, also, the Devil is fast fading out, and soon the people will be free, and Gods left to look after things which are for Gods to know, while men and women shall mind their own business and care for themselves.

To be happy—be temperate. By temperance we

mean a moderate use of all good things, and total abstinence from all things hurtful in themselves. In eating, study the needs of nature and not the appetites and passions, as these become morbid and vitiated. But, says one, I don't eat any more than I want. Well, the hog does the same thing; he eats as long as he can stand and then one end of him sits down, and finally lies down altogether and yet keeps on eating still. The reason shall control our appetites and passions. This is the morality of nature.

To be happy, avoid stimulants, because they cloud the intellect, spoil the temper, increase the action of the heart, vitiate the blood, inflame the passions, and are a constant source of evil—for excess is the only Devil in all the universe of nature, and to avoid all excess in the functions of body and mind is to be on the high road to health, long life and true happiness.

To be happy—be kindly and love something, or somebody, besides yourself. If you have no children, love somebody else's children; if you have no wife or husband get one as soon as you can; for one of the saddest sights in this world is to see the love nature in ruins—a wreck, a waste. 'Tis love, not hate nor selfishness, must save this world from evil. Love something, if nothing else than a red-eyed poodle dog; and when I have seen a lady carrying along one of those sore-eyed poodles I have thought, poor soul, she has nothing else to love.

Be kindly. Kind words don't cost much and are like music to the soul, and if you have no money, or food, or any other gift to bestow upon the poor wondering tramp, give him a kind word as in the exercise of your higher nature sunshine will come to you. Nature

is full of goodness which may find expression by the human tongue in kind words. But I call to mind one of Æsop's fables, of a master who bade his servant to get for dinner the best thing he could think of. So he got tongues, and the next day he bade him get the worst thing he could think of; so he prepared another dish of tongues. And so it is, the human tongue is the best thing in the world when it sends forth good words to comfort and bless, and the worst thing when set on fire of evil passions, and stabs and bites the neighbor behind his back. And if one-half of the world only knew what the other half were saying about them, there would be hell upon earth.

Free speech, do you say? Might as well say free knives, free pistols, and free poison, as a free speech not controlled by the law of kindness and justice. Don't use cruel or unkind words. Oh, how they hurt the spirit, and like a gash cut in the young tree it heals over, but in long after years you will find the scar near the heart. How many of us are full of gashes and scars from thoughtless and cruel words.

To be happy, be social. There are some people who move through the world and, like a bouquet of flowers, impart fragrance and beauty all along their path and make you happy in their presence. There are other people who are the porcupines of society, and their quills, like fish hooks, stick out on every side and you are supremely miserable in their company and atmosphere. To have friends, one must be courteous. For true courtesy freely offers that which our friends cannot ask, and is not only politeness but goodness. Ordinary politeness may bow and scrape when you come in and bow and smile when you go out, and then

slam the door and wish that old mother Smith would stay at home. But genuine courtesy is both politeness and kindness. To have friends one must be friendly, and the social side of our nature is the bright side which turns towards heaven and reflects the sunlight of love, and if I could have my way I would have a wing built on every church for a dance hall and social intercourse, and thus pull religion out to a broad guage, wide enough to educate the heels as well as the heart, for to be social is to open up a fountain of enduring happiness. Solitude has no charms in earth or heaven, and my observation is that early marriage is the broad road to useful and happy life and is productive of regular habits—moral purity, and saves from many social evils; and then how grand and beautiful to see two young people starting out in that brightest and holiest of all human relations with pure hearts and clean hands and a life unspotted by promiscuity, with high and good purposes filling each heart—on such a sight the angels may well look down and smile.

Strike out, young man, and take a wife, but don't bring her home to live with your folks. Not that I have any horror for mothers-in-law; I have not. My sympathy is with the mother who has given all her life to the thankless task of raising a wife for some thankless man. But it is a difficult undertaking to marry a whole family. Too many cooks spoil the porridge. Better go west, young man, as Greeley said. Better live in a shanty without carpet or bay window; old heads don't grow on young shoulders, and then old folks seem to forget how soft and green they were when they were young.

To be happy, do good to others. No selfish person

can be truly happy, for selfishness, like a cancer, eats out and sucks up the rich juices of human nature. How precious the experiences of a Howard, a Jesus, a Nightingale, whose lives have been a stream of gladness from doing good to others. And what in these persons was a mighty impulse, may in some degree inspire all our lives. Some people, like the sponge, take everything in and give nothing out, and if they do, it must be proclaimed from the house-top. Young men and women don't be selfish and stingy. Let the heart go out in acts of kindness to others. It will be golden coin in the bank of your old age. Not the amount of service so much as the spirit which prompts the act; not the great gifts like that of James Lick and others, wrung from them by the icy hand of death; the widow's mite or the housewife who gives to the hungry dog a bone outweighs them all, and as the little stone and brick, layer upon layer, form the stately mansion, so the little acts of life build up human character.

To be happy, cultivate a love of home. Sometimes I have thought that domestic life in the old world presented a finer appreciation of home life than in our own American life. We are so nervous and fidgety, and withal so migratory, constantly on the move that we hardly take the time to build a home and gather about it those little charms which makes home desirable. And then our society and social usage is so full of friction as to waste away in dress parade, show going and sight seeing, the energies which should go to build up home and family life. There is a common idea cropping out in American life that home is a good place to stay, when there is nowhere else to go. And there are

some men who think that home is a good place to eat and sleep when the saloons are all closed and there is no place else to be. And another class who have lodge on the brain and join everything except their wives and family at home. To such people home is a capital place for the care-worn wife to stay and wear out her life struggling against poverty and the numerous cares in raising a family of children, with hardly ever a cheering word, a pet name, or a kiss to lighten the load of family life. I suppose there are thousands of homes where the wife would be frightened not a little should the husband come home early and walk right up to her and salute her with a good square hug and kiss. And I don't wonder that so many wives lose the elastic step and bloom of health from the cheek and are utterly broken down in early life. They make married life a martyrdom instead of a mutual blessing. To be happy in married life there must be love and affection in the home.

There are many people who have lands and landscape gardens of rare beauty and a place to live in, and yet no home; while the little house or humble vine-clad cottage where mutual love abides is home and heaven. Let us make the home a sacred place of retreat from the rude blasts of life and make the children happy at home, that in the coming years the old roof-tree and hearth-stone may be a green spot in their memory, and, like a star of Bethlehem, shall shed its light and beauty all along their path in life. How the thought of such a home follows the wayward boy and girl and points to virtue and heaven, and how these tender memories of early life hang about the heart, like the gentle dews of heaven they quicken our

aspirations and make our declining life a stream of gladness.

In conclusion, let me say to be happy, be honest. It is not enough to be a Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, or even a Christian—one needs to be honest. It is no doubt hard for some people in the church and out of it to be strictly honest, for much depends upon parentage and organism. And yet to be fully honest is the triumph of a glorious manhood and an attribute of character which is the foundation of all virtue and the soul of all beauty. How true this is to nature's law—the better we become acquainted with honest people the better they look to us, even in spite of physical deformity. We soon lose sight of a birth mark on the face or wart on the nose of an honest person. The beauty of an honest soul shines through and illuminates the homely face like as the sun shines through the rift of clouds, gilds all with gold and crimson beauty. Think of this, young friends, you who prink and prim before the glass and swallow drugs for the complexion, and don't forget that honesty is the best cosmetic for the human face. What we need is a deeper moral life in the individual. We want common honesty in the family and school, for these underlie both church and state. We need an honest government in the interest of the people. We need an honest press as an exponent of truth and justice—the friend of the people, the champion of the weak against the strong, and not the abject slave of of capital and monopoly in money and religion. For what the world needs to-day is not religion so much as common honesty. We want an honest, fearless pulpit and rostrum, and I am glad the platform is to

supersede the pulpit, which has been a barricade for sacred lies, which have lived centuries longer than would have been possible on an open platform. I am glad the lecture system is growing in favor with the people. It implies open questions and new questions and an honest, two-sided search after truth. Give us more bold, brave men like Paine, Parker, Channing and Ingersoll who dare speak the truth. For a fearless, honest man or woman is the highest type of beauty and nature's noblest work.



A RESPECTABLE LIE

A respectable lie, sir! Pray what do you mean?

Why the term in itself is a plain contradiction

A lie is a lie, and deserves no respect,

But merciless judgment and speedy conviction.

It springs from corruption, is servile and mean,

An evil conception, a cowards invention,

And whether direct, or simply implied,

Has naught but deceit for its end and intention.

Ah, yes! very well! So good morals would teach;

But facts are the most stubborn things in existence,

And they tend to show that great lies win respect,

And hold their position with wondrous persistence.

The small lies, the white lies, the lies feebly told,

The world will condemn both in spirit and letter,

But the great, bloated lies will be held in respect,

And the larger and older a lie is the better.

A respectable lie, from a popular man,

On a popular theme, never taxes endurance;

And the pure, golden coin of unpopular truth,

Is often refused for the brass of assurance.

You may dare all the laws of the land to defy,

And bear to the truth the most shameless relation,

But never attack a respectable lie,

If you value a name and good reputation.

A lie well established, and hoary with age,
Resists the assaults of the boldest seceder ;
While he is accounted the greatest of saints
Who silences reason and and follows the leader.
Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise,
And seized upon truth as the soul's "Magna Charta,"
He always has won from the lovers of lies,
The name of a fool or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular lies, and political lies,
And lies that stick fast between buying and selling,
And lies of politeness—conventional lies—
Which scarcely are reckoned as such in the telling.
There are lies of sheer malice, and slanderous lies,
For those who delight to peck filth like a pigeon;
But the oldest and far most respectable lies
Are those that are told in the name of religion.

Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,
A system *per se* with a fixed nomenclature,
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas, and creeds,
At war with man's reason, with God and with
Nature;
And he who subscribes to the popular faith,
Never questions the fact of Divine inspiration,
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation.

We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,
Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter,
But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,
And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.

We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord,
In endless damnation, and torments infernal,
While around and above us the infinite truth,
Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and eternal.

It is sad—but the day-star is shining on high,
And science comes in with her conquering legions,
And every respectable time-honored lie,
Will fly from her face to the mythical regions.
The soul shall no longer with terror behold
The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf her,
For science ignores the existence of hell,
And chemistry finds better use for her sulphur.

We may dare to repose in the beautiful faith,
That an Infinite Life is the source of all being,
And tho' we must strive with delusion and death,
We can trust to a love and a wisdom far-seeing;
We may dare in the strength of a soul to arise,
And walk where our feet shall not stumble or falter;
And, freed from the bondage of time-honored lies,
To lay all we have on Truth's sacred altar.



PAT AND 'THE PIG.

We have heard of a Pat so financially flat
That he had neither money or meat,
And when hungry and thin, 'twas whispered by sin
That he ought to steal something to eat.

So he went to the sty of a widow near by,
And he gazed on the tenant—poor soul!
“Arrah now,” said he, “what a trate that’ll be,”
And the pig of the widow he stole.

In a feast he joined; then he went to the judge;
For, in spite of the pork and the lard,
There was something within that was sharp as a pin,
For his conscience was pricking him hard.

And he said with a tear, “Will yer reverence hear
What I have in sorrow to say?”
Then the story he told, and the tale did unfold
Of the pig he had taken away.

And the judge to him said, “Ere you go to bed,
You must pay for the pig you have taken;
For 'tis thus, by my soul, you'll be saving your soul,
And will also be saving your bacon.”

“Oh, be jabers,” said Pat, “I can niver do that—
Not the ghost of a hap’orth have I—
And I’m wretched indade if a penny it nade
Any pace for my conscience to buy.”

Then in sorrow he cried, as the judge replied,
“Only think how you’ll tremble with fear,
When the Judge you shall meet at the great judgment
seat,
And the widow you plundered while here.”

“Will the widow be there?” whispered Pat with a stare,
“And the pig? by my sowl, is it thru?”
“They will surely be there,” said the judge, “I declare,
And, oh Paddy! what then will you do?”

“Many thanks,” answered Pat, “for your tellin’ me
that;
May the blessings upon you be big!
On that settlement day to the widow I’ll say,
‘Mrs. Flannegan, here is your pig!’”



I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you—not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforward I'm free!
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;
And, with tears in my eyes, I'll beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
I have never refused you before? Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated
face;
Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand,
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's
brand;
See the crownless old hat, and my elbows and kness,
Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now
That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow;
When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her
pride,—

Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's side;
But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered, "Good
bye."

And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't
wait

On a fellow, who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh, the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass—just one would have cured;
But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were
strung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her
scant gown;
And she prayed—prayed for bread, just a poor crust
of bread,—

For one crust, on her knees, my pet darling plead!
And I heard, with no penny to buy one, alas!

But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There on the bare floor asked God to bless ME!
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will, for you
see,

I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered I crept
Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile; let it
pass,

For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make my words true, or I'll die in the race,
And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.



COMPENSATION.

There is a deeper sense of seeing
Into the mysteries of being
Than appears upon the surface of our life;
And a greater depth of meaning
For those who life's fields are gleaning
Mid scenes of sorrow and of strife.

There are minds with power gifted,
And as with inspiration lifted
Above the common level of perception,
Have grasped the secret of compensation,
A new and better revelation
Of which the world had no conception.

There are those who live in sadness,
Whose hearts are never touched with gladness,
And yet their life is not in vain;
For while they wait, with patience keeping
All the energies of soul from sleeping,
Are gath'ring treasure of immortal gain.

For we build our spirit mansion
By our soul and mind's expansion,
Through all the lessons earth can give;
No vicarious atonement can displace

A law of being, or one act erase
From the record of the life we live.

We have been taught in song and story
Of a land of life and glory,
Where saints immortal reign;
And with joyful hearts they sing,
Making Heaven's high arches ring
With the praises of His name.

And that Jesus saves the sinner,
Who by faith in him as winner
Of peace and happiness above;
And that the light of reason
Is nothing less than treason,
To the God of life and love.

Is it true or is it fiction,
That Heaven is gained by our restriction
Of the highest boon to mortals here below?
Or was the torch to mankind given
To light his path from earth to Heaven,
And that good from evil he might know?

Did God inspire this plan for our salvation,
From utter darkness and damnation?
Then want of brains must be a favor;
And knowledge gained almost a crime,
And culture but a waste of time,
If blind faith and ignorance is savior.

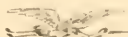
And is Heaven a sepulchre of the mind
In which dwarfed intellects will find

A place of endless rest and inaction;
Without an impulse of the soul
To reach a higher, better goal?
This then is orthodox salvation.

How vastly different is Nature's plan,
Providing endless growth for man
In all the attributes of mind;
And every impulse of the soul,
Thro' Nature's law finds full control
In higher life by love divine.

There's a golden thread of compensation just
In which a universe of souls can trust,
As none have lived utterly depraved in mind;
None with perfection which the preachers teach,
Which to mortals is far beyond their reach.
Why not some saving grace for all mankind.

This then shall life's harvest yield,
To the busy reapers in the field,
One law for all both great and small;
There's good for the saint and sinner,
There's good for the loser and winner,
And a just compensation for all.



THE SCARLET WOMAN.

There are those no doubt who do not feel and see the full significance of this subject. But there are many to-day all over the land who can read the signs of the times and can see the importance of vigilance in preserving the free institutions which make our own dear country the pride and glory of all the nations, and to my mind all tendencies which run counter to free government should be corrected in their incipient stages lest they culminate and bear the bitter fruits of anarchy and bloodshed.

The enfranchisement of our race has been a life long struggle. Liberty has always had bitter enemies and has always struggled to maintain its existence. The people of this Republic have had some bitter experiences in preserving our liberty against the blood-red hand of religious superstition and political despotism. There are three classes of people in the world—fore-seers, after-seers and no-seers. Fore-seers are intuitive people and see things in advance; after-seers are clever people who take the bull by the horns when he arrives; no-seers, a large class, who can't see and won't near, but like the pig under the gate, are good feelers when the calamity falls upon them.

Romanism is an outgrowth and perversion of ancient Christianity or the religion of Jesus, with whose reli-

gion I have no fault to find. Early Christianity was a simple religion of goodness, enjoining three things—veneration to God, in personal life purity, and in social life benevolence. Within these three points early Christianity found its full limit. Tertulian sets forth in an able and concise manner what Christianity was two hundred years after Christ—a religion of goodness, a simple and natural religion, without any claim to infallibility, supposed to be an improvement upon Judaism, as being relieved from the burdens of rites and ceremonial usages—just as the religion of Wesley was supposed to be an improvement upon the Church of England—a return to a greater simplicity and purity of life; as you will remember that this church used to hold service in the morning, and race horses and fight roosters in the afternoon. So Jesus sought to tear down priest-craft and lift the people into the sunlight of a natural religion, a veneration for deity and a love for humanity.

While Christianity was a religion of goodness and benevolence, it was persecuted. Gaining in numbers and strength it spread rapidly, as any religion will under persecution. Just as Mohamedanism was at the first a simple religion, a struggle for the unity of God, under persecution lost its temper and grasped the sword. From this small beginning we may see what Christianity became when in possession of imperial power under that intriguing bad man Constantine, the first Christian Emperor—who became a convert to Christianity, but not a convert to virtue and goodness. Being a pagan at heart, says the historian, he made constant concessions to paganism, and thus adding many new doctrines to Christianity in order to make

himself popular with the people of his empire. Thus an amalgamation of Christianity with paganism took place, and as the years passed on the simple religion of Jesus and Tertulian became merged with and corrupted by the paganism in which it grew up. This great change in Christianity under Constantine and his family presented it to the world as a political and civil power, and instead of a simple religion of persuasion it became a religion of brute force—an ecclesiastical despotism backed up by the State.

With Constantine ended the religion of Jesus, and Romanism began with its councils, controversies, and anathemas, while war and bloodshed held high carnival over the once simple and beautiful religion of the early Christians. Thus this paganized Christian church set herself forth as the depository of all knowledge—secular and religious, and thus became a scourge and stumbling block to the intellectual progress of all Europe.

And thus we find Romanism to-day the sworn enemy of free government, free schools and human liberty, and one almost needs to offer an apology for presenting this subject. But for the extreme arrogance of her claims in the dogma of the Pope's infallibility and her attitude to our school system, it were almost a burlesque in the light of the nineteenth century.

Romanism says that she is not understood, and is misrepresented as to the Pope's power and the scope of his infallibility. She says that when the Pope speaks in ex cathedra, then is he an infallible teacher in faith and morals. That is to say, he is not God all the time. When he takes his little dog and walks out

to smoke his pipe in the garden, then he is not God. but when he is clothed in his scarlet and purple robe and three-cocked hat and sits in his big chair, then is he the eternal God. What a God to be sure, in spots and spasms. This term *ex cathedra*, says the church, is not inspiration in the ordinary sense, but is assistance from God of a higher order than that which produced the Bible, so as to be able to interpret this will of God to a dying world, and that the church uses chrystalized terms to express her doctrines, and we simply need to bow to this mystery of Godliness.

These terms are capable of a variety of definitions, as you will see by reading Gladstone's tract on the Vatican decrees. The purpose of this tract was to show that the Church of Rome in the Vatican council had resorted to all sorts of religious trickery and had committed gross offenses against the civil authority and civil freedom, because the claims of infallibility asserted by the Pope and council are such as to place civil allegiance at his mercy, and that the oath of allegiance by a Catholic to any civil government, is not worth the buttons on the back of his coat when in conflict with Rome. Mr. Gladstone shows clearly that the dogma of infallibility is virtually the divine title to command and the absolute duty to obey, not only in faith and morals, but covers every act in a man's life, secular and religious, and establishes at once an ecclesiastical despotism over soul and body. He further shows that within twenty years past there has been six clearly defined cases of interference by the Pope, wherein the Pope of Rome declared the properly constituted civil law of the land null and void. These laws referred to freedom of the press, freedom of opinion

and speech, of conscience and belief, of science and education, and laws relating to the marriage relations. All of these laws, the Pope declared, were abominable laws and are null and void in their effect, and may be trampled upon by good Catholics everywhere. Thus none but the most obtuse will fail to see that the scope of Papal power includes the entire range of human action.

We listened to a lecture not long since by a prominent Catholic Bishop, in which he exhibited the most bitter hatred of Draper and his book entitled science and religion, denouncing him as a great liar. But you will find if you will read this book a clear statement of facts, showing the conflict between science and religion during the entire career of the Catholic Church. He called attention also to Mariah Monks' book, which he pronounced a tissue of lies. I have read this book and believe that it sets forth truthfully her sufferings as a nun, and the foul corruption incident to this unnatural condition of the sexes, abusing themselves for Christ's sake, shut up in a cloister, a kind of religious prison, away from the green fields and sunlight of heaven, under the plea of sanctification to God and the church.

I know it is claimed that a criterion of truth in morals and religion is a need in the world. If so that need has been poorly supplied by the Church of Rome, as history shows a cruel assumption of arbitrary power, and Beecher well says that the conduct of her Popes, Bishops and councils in the administration of the Church of Christ for twelve hundred years was more befitting that of devils than of honest men.

Can a church at enmity with human freedom, and

which hurls its curses at every form of unbelief, be a guide to heaven. Look at the syllabus, what a fearful string of Christian curses against all who dare to doubt her dogmas. Let him be anathama-maranatha who shall deny the one true God—that is to say the Catholic God. Why should any one be cursed for not holding their conception of deity. What does the Pope know of God more than others? Can the finite grasp the infinite, life of our life and soul of our soul? What a base hypocrisy and blasphemy is this. Let him be accursed who affirms that nothing besides matter exists. Why should any one be cursed for denying anything and everything beyond his senses of hearing, seeing, smelling, feeling and tasting. Any and all things beyond the reach of my senses is the realm of fancy. If there is anything besides matter we don't know it. There may be one God or a thousand Gods. There may be angels and devils but we don't know it. Let us mind our own business and let God take care of his business. Let him be accursed who shall say that human reason is independent of faith. Why should one be cursed for the use of his reason, the only light given to man whereby he can discover truth, and which lifts him above the brute creation.

Now a religion that can sling its curses about in such a fearful way must be a dangerous element in any country, and it does seem to me if I were the almighty God, and had a never dying grudge against the peace, prosperity and moral life on this planet. I would pour out upon it a full baptism of such a religion as the Roman Catholic religion. I don't wonder that fourteen hundred years ago Hypathia, the lady philosopher and literary belle of Alexadria, was torn

from her carriage, her flesh scraped from her bones and cast into the fire. I don't wonder that poor Bruno and Vanini died at the stake at the hands of those Catholic devils. I was not surprised when I heard of the recent massacre at San Miguel and San Salvador, as this hellish outrage was urged on by priests and bishop. Each fiend was armed with a document, found on their bodies, which read thus: Peter, open the gates of heaven to the bearer. Signed George, Bishop of San Salvador, and sealed with the seal of this Episcopal See. Thus armed, these fiends of religious hate left no outrage undone which such a cursed religion could suggest, even to the cutting in pieces the dead bodies of their victims and throwing them at each other. So it is all over South America and Mexico to-day where political Romanism lifts its bloody head.

Religious superstition is the same in spirit everywhere and in all periods of time, using its deadly fangs whenever in possession of sufficient power. Even in our own fair land we have the bloody record of the Mountain Meadow Massacre at the hands of the Mormon Church, where defenseless men, women and babes were slaughtered in cold blood for God's sake. And when Lee, the religious devil who led this band of cut throats, sat upon his coffin waiting for the bullets which were to send him to glory, a sickly smile overspread his face while he declared that he was going home to Jesus and was so glad that he did not die an infidel. Great God, so am I glad that no foul stain rests upon the head of infidelity or unbelief.

Now I have no need to quote from anti-Catholic sources to show the animas which pervades Romanism,

and will refer you to Bronson's Catholic review, an able exponent of the Catholic Church, which declares that any system of education based upon the popular idea that man is naturally perfect, and may by culture develop himself into right relations with the good and true, is a hateful lie, and then adds a quotation from Carlyle, that the first of all gospels is—that no lie shall live. Now then when a church numbering millions, and by far the most effective system of one man power the world has ever seen—a power amounting to an absolute despotism over soul and body—tells us that our government is a lie and that our schools and colleges are hot-beds of vice and corruption, and that our marriage is legal adultery, we are not slow to see the deadly blow aimed at the free institutions of our country. And only a few months since a prominent Catholic priest over one of the largest churches on this coast, threatened to refuse absolution to any Catholics sending their children to Protestant schools, showing clearly the attitude of this holy church to our schools to be that of a bitter enemy, and no one need doubt for a moment the intention of the Papal power to crush our schools and thus destroy human freedom at its citadel. If any are in doubt of this let them review our school history for thirty-five years past, beginning with the bitter fight made by Bishop Hughes, thirty-five years ago, for a division of the school money. Our people became alarmed, and in 1842 a law was passed against the division of our school money for sectarian schools, and with a dogged persistence known only to Romanism they have waged a constant war upon our schools from that time to the present day.

In spite of law and constitutional amendment Catholics have drawn from the city of New York alone millions of dollars for sectarian purposes within the past few years. We speak of Catholic inroads in New York as a pointer to every other State in the Union, for this Papal deviltry means a clean sweep of all free institutions. Failing in open and direct effort to break down our schools, she is not conquered, but resorts by corrupting our legislation and by a more stealthy campaign to accomplish her life-long object.

In view of these facts, President Grant's suggestions a few years ago in regard to taxing church property and a constitutional amendment which should forever lift our school system beyond the reach of religious fanaticism, was not a moment too soon. Why not tax all church property. Why should infidels indirectly pay taxes to support a religion with which they have no sympathy. Look at Trinity Church property in New York, worth more than forty millions of dollars, untaxed. Now if this class of property belongs to God, and they say he is rich and owns the cattle and sheep on a thousand hills, let him pay his own taxes and not shift the burden upon those who have far more use for the school-master than the priest.

Now if it were true, as Catholics claim, that our school system is a hot-bed of vice and crime, we should find in Catholic countries greater prosperity and a higher moral life. But on the contrary, where the Catholic religion has ruled supreme in all the past, we find the greatest physical destitution and moral degradation. Look at Italy and Spain, see South America and Mexico; what a comment is their moral status upon Roman Catholic virtue.

Where to-day is life and property most secure, in South America and Mexico or where schools and religion are free. In Italy and Spain, Catholic villians will cut a throat for two dollars and fifty cents, in Mexico and South America for one-half the money. Take it if you please in this country, where government and schools are secular, and how does the moral status of Protestants and Catholics compare? Every fair minded person must admit that the Catholic masses bear no comparison with Protestants, nor will they bear favorable comparison with free thinkers, atheists or infidels. And to-day this Catholic religion furnishes more drunkards and criminals than all other sects combined. Go the to police courts in all the cities of our land on Monday morning and see the long array of men with blood-shot eyes and bunged-up noses. Who are all these rag-tags? God's wrecks to be sure. Not Jews, but they should be, as they are supposed to be bad—they killed Christ. They should be atheists, as they are worse than Jews, and deny both God and Christ. But they are not atheists or infidels, nor yet Spiritualists or Protestant Christians, but are nearly all of them believers in God, Christ and the Holy Virgin. And this class hold the balance of power in all our great cities, which are fast losing every feature of Americanism. And yet in the light of these facts, this Catholic mother of abominations—this old beast of seven heads and ten horns, with the blood of millions on her hands, persistently denounces Protestant institutions as corrupt and immoral.

Now we make no fight against foreigners as such, and only against the Roman Catholic Church which says that all power is from God handed down through

the Pope, bishops and priests, for the government of men and nations. There is in this statement the essence of supreme deviltry. This class who owe allegiance to the Pope of Rome are not true Americans and cannot be. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. I would not cast a vote for one of this class. I would place only Americans in spirit on guard to protect our liberty. This was the doctrine of Washington and is the true watchword of American liberty to-day.

This holy church claims the divine right to rule our State and schools and professes a high Christian morality. But there is a broad difference between Christian morality and the morality of nature. Are Catholic priests more moral than other people? To my mind their vow of celibacy is a crime against God and human nature, or a sham and hypocrisy; take either form you please. It is commonly supposed that a good wife helps a man to be morally clean, and if there is any class of men who need the watch and care of a true wife, priests and preachers are that class. Catholic priests are healthy people. Big, rosy-cheeked men, full of life; they don't live on brown bread and skim-milk. If they were lean, lank, abstemious, or sickly men, I might think there was some truth in their vows of celibacy. But they are high livers and good drinkers of wine and strong drink, and yet they tell us they are holy celibates for Christ's sake. What a high state of morality is this. Look at these sisters and nuns draped in black. Poor miserable creatures, eaten and dried up by morbid mental disease—sinning against maternity, the highest gift of God to woman, suppressing nature for the sake of Jesus. This they call morality. Look at these holy red-faced priests

abusing nature that they may get nearer to the God of nature, claiming the divine right to confess my wife and daughter, coming in between husband and wife and grasping the children with an iron hand, prying into the inner life and secrets of every family. These morbid, unhealthy people demanding the control of our schools and charging them with moral depravity, denouncing our teachers as education mongers, corrupters of youth and slaughterers of innocence. Worse, said a Catholic bishop, than Herod of old, for he killed only their bodies, but these Protestant teachers kill body and soul. I feel like saying to every Catholic priest: physician heal thyself and flock; look to your confessional; has the fire or passion never over-leaped its boundary? Look to your convents and nunneries; does the black veil cover up in its cess-pools no slaughter of helpless innocents—victims of priestly sensuality and wickedness; and are all of the priests and nuns not to be believed who have escaped from the toils of this unnatural religion?

This same holy church tells us that mixed schools are an unmixed evil and should be denounced by every priest on the walls of Zion. What a pity God should have made woman at all, as she tempted man to sin and thus brought death and hell. What a pity the experiment of creation had not ended with Adam. I have been led to suppose that the company of good women elevated and sweetened the life of men, and if so in the family and church, why not in the school. There should be a co-education of the sexes from the cradle to the grave. To hold and fence the sexes apart until grown up, and then turned loose, ignorant of themselves and each other, is a sure cause of vice

and disorder in society. If my son and daughter are a benefit to each other under the same roof and by the same fire-side, why not in the school and every department of life. So they will bless each other when they are taught early in life the right and wrong use of every function of body and mind. The Catholic Church says the education of the young belongs to the church. Let the State abstain from the control of the schools, let the State encourage the church; in fact let the State play second fiddle to the church and all will be merry as a marriage bell.

The spirit and genius of our government is to protect the people from childhood to old age. The children in a broad sense belong to the State, and the natural right of the child is to be developed physically, mentally and morally, and the plain duty of the State is to furnish such conditions as will tend to the good order of society. The history of the world shows that ignorance is the prolific mother of vice and crime. To give over the schools to the church is suicide to the nation. To teach knowledge is to teach science, and science destroys creeds and dogmas. Hence the superficial character of a Catholic education and the clamor to control the schools. I am surprised that any Protestant, and much more that any liberal, will send their children to Catholic schools, where the eye can't turn but it rests upon religious emblems and mumery, and the ear is constantly greeted with holy songs and prayers, and every motion of body and mind innoculated with the virus of false religion. And it is a well-known fact that about seventy-five per cent of the girls sent to those schools become Catholics, and in our travels we have met many a fond mother who has told

us with tearful regrets the story of Jesuitical craft, and how their children had been alienated from the parental heart and home.

And many tell us that Catholic schools are so safe, such a high fence and every knot hole stopped that a girl can't see the boys, and not even a crack left open through which she might communicate with the opposite sex. Yes, I know it is a safe place. So is a prison safe to hold criminals, but when innocent people are incarcerated it breeds criminality. So safe is it I would by far a girl of mine should be exposed to almost any disease than Romanism, for most diseases are curable, but this malady lasts a life time. And as for contamination by the opposite sex I would much rather trust my girl with an average American boy than with those holy celibate priests of God.

Our hope for the future of the civilized world is in the diffusion of knowledge, not faith. The perpetuity of free government, free speech, free schools and moral virtue is wrapped up in our system of education. Let the government be secular and the schools be secular, and intact from sectarian bigotry and religious superstition.



THE OLD MAN GOES TO SCHOOL.

I know I'm too old to learn, wife, my lessons and tasks
are done,
The dews of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's
setting sun.

To the grave by the side of my father's, they'll carry
me soon away;

But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I
hobbled to school to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school house; it towered up to
the skies;

I gazed on the structure till dimmer grew these old
eyes.

My thoughts went back to the log house—the school
house of years ago—

Where I studied and romped with the merry boys,
who sleep where the daisies grow.

I was started out of my dreamin' by the tones of the
monster bell,

On these ears that are growin' deaf, the sweet notes
rose and fell.

I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered
chair—

An old man wrinkled and gray in the midst of the
young and fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room ap-
peared to me—
The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee;
'They stared at me when I entered, then broke o'er the
whisperin' rule,
And said, with a smile to each other, the old man's
comin' to school.

When the country here was new wife—when I was a
scholar lad—
Our readin', writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the
studies we had;
We cleared up the farm thro' the summer, then trav-
el'd thro' woods and snow,
To the log house in the openin'—the school house of
years ago.
Now, boys go to school in a palace, and study hard
Latin and Greek;
'They are taught to write scholarly essays—they are
drilled on the stage to speak;
'They go in at the district hopper, but come out thro'
college spout;
And this is the way the schools of our land are grind-
ing our great men out.

Let 'em grind! let 'em grind, dear wife! the world
needs the good and true,
Let the children out of the old house and trot 'em into
the new;
I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to this age of
mind:
All aboard! go ahead! if you leave the old man behind.

Our system of common schools is the nation's glory
and crown,
May the arm be palsied ever that is lifted to tear it
down;
If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowin' skies,
Let them go to oppressions shores where liberty bleeds
and dies.

I'm glad I have been to-day in the new house large
and grand;
With pride I think of my toils in this liberty-lovin'
land;
I've seen a palace arise where the old log school house
stood,
And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadow fell
in the wood.
To the grave by the side of my father's, they'll carry
me soon away,
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I have
seen to-day;
Where the Master of Masters teacheth—where scholars
never grow old,
From glory to glory I'll climb, in the beautiful college
of gold.



THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

I have come from the heart of all natural things
Whose life from the soul of the beautiful springs;
You shall hear the sweet waving of corn in my voice,
And the musical whisper of the leaves that rejoice,
For my lips have been touched by the spirit of prayer,
Which lingers unseen in the soft summer air;
And the smile of the sunshine that brightens the skies,
Hath left a glad ray of its light in my eyes.

On the sea-beaten shore, mid the dwellings of men,
In the field, or the forest, or wild mountain glen;
Wherever the grass or a daisy could spring,
Or the musical laughter of childhood could ring;
Wherever a swallow could build neath the eaves,
Or a squirrel could hide in his covert of leaves,
I have felt the sweet presence, and heard the low call
Of the Spirit of Nature, which quickens us all.

Grown weary and worn with the conflict of creeds,
I have sought a new faith for the soul with its needs
When the love of the beautiful guided my feet
Through a leafy arcade to a sylvan retreat,
Where the oriole sung in the branches above
And the wild roses burned with their blushes of love,
And the purple-fringed aster and bright golden rod,
Like jewels of beauty adorned the green sod.

O, how blessed to feel from the care-laden heart
All the sorrows and woes that oppressed it, depart,
And to lay the tired head, with its achings, to rest
On the heart of all others that loves it the best;
O, thus it is ever, when wearied, we yearn
To the bosom of Nature and truth to return,
And life blossoms forth in beauty anew
As we learn to repose in the simple and true.

No longer with self or with Nature at strife,
The soul feels the presence of infinite life;
And the voice of a child, or the hum of a bee—
The somnolent roll of the deep-heaving sea—
The mountains uprising in grandeur and might—
The stars that look forth from the depth of the night,
All speaks in one language, persuasive and clear,
To him who in spirit is waiting to hear.

There is something in Nature beyond our control,
That is tenderly winning the love of each soul;
We shall linger no longer in darkness and doubt,
When the beauty within meets the beauty without.
Sweet Spirit of Nature! wherever thou art,
O, fold us like children, close, close to thy heart;
Till we learn that thy bosom is truth's hallowed shrine,
And the soul of the beautiful is—the divine.



THE PARSON'S SCHOOL.

The autumn winds sighed gloomily without, but the fire of maple logs burned brightly within, and the polished andirons reflected back the insinuation on their not being as old as the logs which rested upon their bars.

"Don't imagine for one moment," said the andirons, "that your pedigree is older than ours, for we were old settlers long before the Mayflower sailed from England, and we came over with the first families and have enjoyed high privileges ever since."

"Ha, ha," sizzled the maple logs, "our ancestors were old trees long before Columbus reached our shores, and we have enjoyed higher privileges than you, for we have always held our heads very high, and never till now, that adverse circumstances have overtaken us, have we stooped to associate with those beneath us."

"Well," said the andirons, "we will talk this matter over to-morrow. My friends, the shovel and tongs, know that we have always held our heads high, and have only mingled in good society."

Just then the tongs, in the hands of a fair lady, gave the logs a punch, which sent a thousand sparks flying up the chimney and the conversation was dropped.

By the side of the fire-place sat a minister of a fashionable church. Upon his knee was a popular literary magazine. He had read and pondered long upon an article which had appeared upon its pages. The article in question was an analysis of the Christian religion, showing the steps by which it had come down through the various religions of the past, by slow gradations, lopping off a rite or ceremony here and adding a new one there, or giving it a new name, until the name of Christian had been given it, and the child had been baptized in blood, usurped the control of the world, and its reign had

been marked by faggot, rack and torture. It had only become, as it now claimed to be, a religion of peace, because science had shed its rays upon it, showing what a deformed child it was, and commanding it to behave itself.

Long he pondered; he knew that the article was true, but it pained him to see its true character exposed in this manner. He, as before said, was pastor of a fashionable church, and his love for ease and good living made him a hypocrite. It would never do to allow such statements to pass unnoticed.

He felt that it was required of him to reply to the article and show the fallacy of such statements as were contained in it. He could easily do it, for but few of the many were readers of ancient history, and there were Christian authorities in abundance to quote from, to prove the position of the author in question untenable. He resolved to rush into the arena as a defender of the faith. Filled with this new idea he retired to his study, but his mind was ill at ease. He fully realized that that which he was about to do, was an effort to deceive the masses. He knew, for he was a close student of ancient history, that the arguments and statements put forth in that article could not be honestly refuted. But what had honesty to do with the case. He had his reputation as a Christian minister to sustain; and not only his reputation, his position, his living. As to the teaching of the Church as conducted to-day, that was quite another matter—good music, a good deal of show and a nice talk to please his fashionable audience—the church was only a place of amusement, under the name of sanctity. But was it making the world any better? Did it draw to them those who were hungry and ragged, those who needed friends? No. Those would hardly be admitted within their doors, or if admitted, the genteel ushers would seat them in the most retired corner. What good to the world, he honestly asked himself, are we doing? Instead of writing a reply to the periodical, he wrote a sermon from the text—"What good are we doing?" The next Sunday morning his congregation were aroused from their half drowsy indifference by the text. He did not take it from the Bible, but he said the book from which he quoted his text was the world. He asked, what good are we doing to those whom our Master came to save; he who would have all men come unto him. What are

we doing to induce them to come to him. True, our church doors are thrown open, our bell is rung inviting all who will to come, but it really means nothing more than that we expect to repeat the forms and ceremonies of the previous Sundays. What are we doing to raise the fallen, to assist the poor and needy? True, we have our Magdalen asylums, our houses of refuge for orphans, we have our jails and houses of correction, our prisons, our reformatories, etc., etc., but they are in a large part supported by our government. True, they make places where worn out and superannuated preachers can make a good living.

But what good are we doing, rung out once again from the sacred desk. We, individually, and I include myself in the interrogatory. This beautiful edifice, costing over half a million, dedicated to him who was poor and lowly, not having where to lay his head. Supposing the money used in the erection of and sustaining this magnificent church, had been devoted to manufacturing purposes, employing large numbers of those who are in need of employment, erected cottages for them, built schoolhouses where their children could receive education. Would it not, I ask, be living nearer to the teachings of him we claim to serve? Let us take the text home with us and ask what good are we doing.

The congregation were wide awake, and the question went from lip to lip, what is the matter with our pastor.

The earnestness manifested by the Rev. Jason Marvin, in his Sabbath morning sermon, was not lost upon his congregation. Many a wealthy pew holder asked himself the question—what good am I doing; and resolved to be more watchful for opportunities to benefit others.

But the efforts of the parson did not stop here. He determined to inaugurate under the auspices of his own church (well satisfied that there was wealth enough at his command) a school for the education of boys and girls; children of the outcast class, who infest the shums of all large cities; and he immediately laid his plans before his official board and asked their co-operation. It was not long ere arrangements were ready for the successful inauguration of the school. Commodious buildings had been engaged and pleasantly fitted up for the purpose. Several teachers had been engaged and can-

vassers had visited large numbers of families, soliciting the attendance of their children, generally with encouraging results, although many of the children had to be clothed before they could appear at the school. A dinner was provided daily, and such a dinner as the children were not in the habit of seeing.

Reports of the school soon circulated, and large numbers solicited permission to attend the school. Soon more extensive accommodations had to be provided for the largely increased numbers who daily attended.

In time it was thought advisable to make additions to the school—a carpenter shop for boys and a sewing school for girls. Each of these additions found especial favor among the larger pupils. It was not very long ere a change began to be observable in the neighborhood where these children lived. A desire was manifested for better surroundings; industrious habits were formed; the dram shop was avoided by most of those who came within the influence of the school; and as time passed, many were the streams for good which poured from that one effort to do good.



WHAT I ONCE THOUGHT.

I once tho't that Heaven was made for the few;
That God was as vengeful as Moses, the Jew;
That millions were doomed at his bidding to dwell
Within the dark bounds of a terrible hell,
Where hope never enters, but ring on the air
The weepings and wailings of endless despair.

I once thought the Bible was God's holy word;
That reason opposing should never be heard;
I made it my study, my every-day care;
Its falsehoods were truths, its curses were prayers;
To doubt was a crime that could ne'er be forgiven;
And faith was the lever that raised us to Heaven.

I once thought Jehovah Creator and Lord,
And, bowed at his footstool, I feared and adored;
The deeds that a devil might blush to commit
Believed he had done, for the Lord thought it fit.
The law of right-doing I never dreamed then
Applied unto gods even more than to men.

I once thought that death was a monster accurst,
Of evils the greatest, the last, and the worst;
His maw, so insatiate, swallowed our race,
And left of their beauty and glory no trace;

The grave was a shadow-land, cheered by no spring,
Where sat on his ice-throne a skeleton king.

I once thought that earth was a valley of tears,—
A wilderness-world, full of sorrow and fears;
That God's curse had blasted its beauty and grace,
And poisoned the fairest and best of the race.
I wept as I thought of his horrible ban,
And sorrowed that God should have made me a man.
Fond fables of childhood! my faith in you fled;
You lie in the tomb with the dust covered dead.



THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

Sigh, priests, cry aloud, hang your pulpits with black;
Let sorrow bow down every head;
The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,
Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse; you are guarding its tomb;
The soul of your system has fled;
That death-knell is tolling your terrible doom;
It tells us the Devil is dead.

'Twas knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow;
Poor fellow ! he took to his bed.
Alas ! idle priest, that such things should be so;
Your master, the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all;
We've dug the old gentleman's bed;
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall
To cover your friend who is dead.

Ay, lower him mournfully into the grave;
Let showers of tear-drops be shed;
Your business is gone; there are no souls to save;
Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe; you can ne'er get your dues;
Hell's open, the damned souls have fled;
They took to their heels when they heard the good
news,—
Their jailor, the Devil, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no more;
Revivals are knocked on the head;
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore,
Her captain, the Devil, is dead.



THE OLD MAN GOES TO 'FRISCO.

Well, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, and called to see the
boys;
I'm worn out and half deafened with the travel and
the noise,
So I'll sit down by the chimney and rest my weary
bones,
And tell you how I was treated by our aristocratic sons.

As soon as I reached the city I hunted up our Dan;
You know he's now a celebrated wholesale business
man;
I walked down from the depot, but Dan keeps a coun-
try seat,
And I thought to go home with him and rest my weary
feet.

All the way I kept a thinking how famous it would be
To go round the town together—my grown up boy
and me,
And remember the old times, when his little curly head
Used to cry out, "Good night, papa," from his little
trundle bed.

Dan was sitting by a table and writing in a book;
He knowed me in a minute, and he gave me such a
look;

He never said a word of you, but asked about the grain,
And if I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I did not stay a great while, but inquired after Bob;
Dan said he lived upon a hill, I think he called it Nob;
And when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me
down,
Said: "Call and see me, won't you, whenever you're
in town."

It was late that evening when I found our Robbie's
house;
There was music, light and dancing, and a mighty
great carouse.
At the door a blackman met me, and he grinned from
ear to ear,
Saying, "Keerds of invitation, or you nebber get in
here."

I said I was Rob's father, and with another grin
The blackman left me standing and disappeared
within.

Rob came out on the porch—he did not order me away,
But said he hoped to see me at his office the next day.

Then I started for the tavern, for I knowed there any-
way
They would not turn me out so long's I'd money for
to pay.
And Rob and Dan had left me about the streets to
roam,
And neither of them asked if I'd money to get home.

It may be the way of rich folks, I don't say it is not,
But we remember some things Rob and Dan have
quite forgot.

We did not quite expect this, wife, when twenty years
ago.

We mortgaged our old homestead to give Rob and Dan
a show.

I didn't look for Charley, but I happened just to meet
Him with a lot of friends of his, a coming down the
street.

I thought I'd pass on by him for fear our youngest
son

Would show he was ashamed of me, as Rob and Dan
had done.

But soon as Charley saw me, right before them all,
Said, "God bless me, there's my father," as loud as he
could bawl.

Then he introduced me to his friends and sent them
all away,

Telling 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that
day.

Then he took me out to dinner, and axed about the
house;

About you and Sally's baby, and the chickens and the
cows;

He axed me about his brothers, addin' 'twas rather
queer,

But he had not seen one of them for mighty nigh a
year.

Then he took me to his lodging, in an attic four stairs
high;
He said he liked it better cause 'twas nearer to the sky.
He said he'd only one room but his bed was pretty
wide;
And so we slept together—me and Charley side by
side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics'
Fair,
And some of Charley's pictures were on exhibition
there.
He said if he could sell them, which he hoped to pretty
soon,
He'd make us all a visit and be richer than Muldoon.

And so two days and nights we passed, and when I
came away
Poor Charley said the time was short, and begged for
me to stay;
Then he took me in a buggy and drove me to the
train,
And said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we thought our Charley would never come
to much,
He was always reading novels, and poetry and such;
There was nothing on the farm he seemed to want to
do,
And when he took to painting he disgusted me clear
through.

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our own,
And left poor Charley penniless to make his way
alone.

He's only a poor painter—Rob and Dan are rich as
sin,

But Charley's worth the pair of 'em with all their gold
thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our babes
—and yet

It seems a mighty gulf 'twixt them and us is set;

And they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled
journey's past,

And rich and poor are equal underneath the sod at
last.

And may be when we all meet on the resurrection
morn,

With our earthly glories fallen like husks from the
ripe corn;

When the righteous son of man the awful sentence
shall have said,

The brightest crown that shines there may be on
Charley's head.



ONLY WAITING.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices, far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.



THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

Leaves have their glad recall,
And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,
And stars that set shall rise again, for all,
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler, death.

Day was not made for care—
Eve brings bright angels to the joyous hearth—
Night comes with dreams of peace and visions fair
Of those whom death could conquer not on earth.

When in the festive hour,
Death mingles poison with the ruby wine,
Life also comes with overwhelming power,
Changing the deadly draught to life divine.

Youth and the opening rose
May vanish from the outward sight away,
But life their inward beauty shall disclose,
And rob the haughty spoiler of his prey.

Leaves have their glad recall,
And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,
And stars that set shall rise again, for all,
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler—death.

We know that yet again
Our loved and lost shall cross the summer sea,
Bearing with them the sheaves of golden grain,
Which they have harvested, O life! with thee.

Thy breath is in the gale
Whose kiss unseals the violet's azure eye;
And though the roses in our path grow pale,
We know that all things change, they do not die.

Wherever man may roam,
Thy presence, viewless as the summer air,
Meets him abroad, or in his peaceful home,
And when death calls him forth you, too, art there.

Thou art where soul meets soul,
Or where earth's noblest fall in battle strife;
But death, the spoiler, yields to thy control;
Forevermore thou art the conqueror, life.

Leaves have their glad recall,
And blossoms open to the south wind's breath,
And stars that set shall rise again, for all,
All things shall triumph o'er the spoiler—death.



DAISY DEAN.

CHAPTER I.

In the shade of an overhanging tree in a quiet suburban village, sat an aged man. The snows of many winters had bleached his locks, till they vied with that frozen element in whiteness. At his side was seated a young girl. Her sweet blue eyes were turned on him as she patiently listened to the oft told tale of the crucifixion. The Bible on the old man's knees was open to the records as given by Matthew, and as he dilated upon the story his old eyes grew dim; and tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks.

"Grandpa," said the girl, "why did God require such a sacrifice from his own son? Would you desire me to die to please you?"

"Ah, no, my child. But God's ways are not our ways. His love for us was so great that he gave his only son for our salvation.

The young girl gazed thoughtfully away. "Grandpa," she exclaimed, "I cannot understand it. We read that God made man and pronounced him good; that he blessed all the works of his hands. How then, could there have been any evil in the world?"

"Don't you know, my child, that the serpent tempted the woman to sin?"

"Well, grandpa, did not God make the serpent and pronounce him good, only a short time before? How then, could he have done evil?"

Ah, my child, we have no right to question. You know our pastor tells us it is sin."

"Well, grandpa, I can't help thinking, and many times I ask myself what God made sin for anyway."

"My child, God did not make sin; he is only the author of good."

"Then who did make sin?"

"Why Satan, of course."

"Well, where did Satan come from, if God did not make him?"

"That is a question I cannot answer. Our good minister tells us that sin entered into the world and death by sin, and that God so loved the world that he gave his only son to die for us that we might live."

"Yes, I have often heard him say that; but it does not satisfy me. It does not look reasonable, grandpa. The minister says God is better to us than our earthly parents. Now could you become so angry towards me and my brothers and sisters, that you would require my father to die so you could become reconciled to us?"

"Why no, my child, what foolish questions you ask."

"Well, grandpa, they don't seem foolish to me, because I want to know the truth, and I cannot think that God could be so cruel as to allow his son to be crucified."

"My dear child, what has put such strange notions into your head? You must ask God to forgive you."

"No, grandpa; he has given us reason, and how can we help thinking. Every time I hear our minister

preach, it just raises my doubts, and I wonder if he believes it himself."

"Oh, Uncle Ned, how glad we are to see you. Come and sit down on this cosy seat."

"Well, father, how do you do to-day?" said the young man, seating himself on the grass, "and how is our Daisy? I think I overheard some infidel doctrine from our little preacher as I stopped to listen. How is it father, is she trying to convert you?"

"Well Ned, I don't know where the child gets her strange ideas. She is always arguing against our minister. Sometimes she asks questions that he cannot answer, and she is sure to get the best of him in an argument, but I think it is very wrong in her and very wicked too."

"Father, Daisy has got a mind of her own, and she means to do her own thinking, and I think you had better not interfere with her. Young as she is, she is a great reader and understands what she reads."

"Uncle Ned," said Daisy, "have you read the new work on 'Evolution.'"

"Evolution I should think was pretty dry reading for a young lady. Yes, I have seen the work, and to me it is exceedingly interesting. But where did you see it?"

"I bought it with the money you gave me for bonbons last week."

"Well, Daisy, you are a strange girl."

"Uncle Ned, I have heard that until I am tired of it. Why can't a woman be supposed to think, and reason, and form her own conclusions? I have heard nothing preached all my life but those doctrines which I consider an insult to woman. Only last week the

minister reminded me that I had better pay a little more heed to St. Paul's teaching, just because he could not reply to my argument. He said it would be more becoming to learn to be a good housekeeper, than to have my head filled with such silly notions; that a girl of my age might even be better employed with her dolls than reading such wicked books as I was reading. And he teared the church would have to deal with my father for allowing it."

The young lady in question was the daughter of one the leading members in the church. Consequently, the minister often visited the family; but young Daisy was a source of annoyance to him. Her views were so very unorthodox, and often he found himself unable to argue with her; and as she said, took refuge in impertinent remarks upon her unlady-like conduct. But Uncle Ned, her father's youngest brother, was her friend and held the same views that she did.

While engaged in the foregoing conversation, the minister appeared upon the scene.

"And how are my good friends to-day?" asked the minister. "And my little Daisy, I trust she has heeded the advice I gave her last week, for I saw her at meeting on Sunday."

"Yes, sir, I attended the meeting with my Father."

"And were you not pleased with the sermon?"

"I have no wish to argue with you, sir, but as you have asked me I must say that I was not."

"What part of it was not in accordance with your views?"

"Sir, you said God made man in his own image; that he gave him power over everything, and that woman was made for a help-meet for man. In your

argument you carried the idea that woman was an after-thought with God; that it was unnecessary that her education should extend farther than to be good housewives, and that the reading of books, especially of a character to induce thought, was not only a useless waste of time, but absolutely sinful. You also said that the Bible was the only book it was necessary or advisable for them to read."

"True, my dear young lady, I said that, and if you would study St. Paul, as I have before advised you, you would find that I was perfectly correct; that the Bible teaches young women to be sober and discreet, lovers of home and their families. When they do all that they have no time to waste on the worse than useless literature that is now becoming so prevalent, in which is taught that there are other ways of reaching the truth than by the study of God's word."

"Do you claim, sir, that the Bible is the only word of God."

"Most assuredly I do. In it we read how God spoke to man; that he talked to Moses face to face, and gave to him the commandments, written upon tables of stone; that he gave his son to die for our sins; that after his resurrection he ascended again into heaven, his disciples saw him go, and that since that time no one has conversed with him. The Bible says that he sitteth on the right hand of the Father making intercession for us. Oh, my dear child, I fear that you are in the toils of the evil one."

"I was just asking grandpa who the evil one is. When God had made everything and pronounced it good, where did Satan come from? For the Bible says there was nothing made that he did not make."

"Why Satan, my child, was a rebellious spirit and God cast him out of heaven."

"Where do you read that, sir?"

"Why, in Milton's *Paradise Lost* we read a full account of it. How Satan rebelled and made war in Heaven, and God cast him out and he was forty days falling and his angels with him."

"Why, sir, does not the Bible tell something of that? If everything was good, how could there be any evil? If God had all power, why did he not prevent evil from entering into the world? And how could there have been any evil if he did not make it?"

"My dear young lady, this conversation is very unprofitable. I called to see the Deacon, your father, about some church matters. Where shall I find him?"

"I think he is in the house, sir," replied the maiden. And the preacher, bidding them good afternoon, left them.

CHAPTER II.

Not long after the events of the foregoing chapter a revival began in the church, and while many found peace in believing, our good friend Daisy still remained out of the fold. Great were the efforts put forth and the prayers offered in her behalf. It seemed, so said our worthy deacon, that the doors of heaven were closed against her because of her unbelief. But she did not seem at all troubled, and took the matter calmly.

When the school opened, it was found that the new teacher, who had come from the city, held the same views that she did. Great consternation was felt and

a discussion was held by the minister and some of the active members, about the advisability of dismissing him; but as he was well liked and the school was in a flourishing condition, the subject was dropped.

He introduced several new features into the society of the little village. One was a debating class, in which both ladies and gentlemen took sides.

During the winter the subject of "Evolution" was chosen as a topic for discussion. On one side was the teacher, Mr. James Stewart, and Daisy Dean, the deacon's daughter. On the opposition was the minister and lawyer Black, who always sided with the biggest party.

The school house was crowded, and surprise and curiosity was manifested, that Daisy should take sides in opposition to such great men. The meeting was called to order by the chairman, the subject was announced and the question was read.

Resolved, That the doctrine of evolution is true. Affirmative, James Stewart and Daisy Dean. Negative, Rev. Mr. Praiseworthy and Asa Black, Esq.

James Stewart opened the debate by laying down three propositions. First, that matter and force were eternal. Second, that evolution is but growth, progression. Third, that growth and progression was nature's law and that evolution was the carrying out of the law. He showed from geology that the earth had been passing through progressive changes; that from the ball of molten lava that was thrown from the sun, as all scientists claim, it has been the subject of change; from the cooling process forming a crust upon which, in the process of time, little lichens and mosses appeared; they, resolving back became earth, and so

through successive ages, one growth after another, larger forms of trees, shrubs, plants. The heated condition of the atmosphere caused them to grow rapidly, and to enormous dimensions, then rapidly decay, forming soil on the earth's surface, and in the process of time life appeared. The smallest forms, and through conditions conducive, other forms of life appeared, and through successive ages again, change after change, until man, the culminating glory of nature's work——"

"Time," rapped the chairman.

The speaker sat down with faint murmurs of applause. The subject was new. The average mind had not grasped it. When the Rev. Mr. Praiseworthy rose to his feet it was in a storm of applause. All were satisfied that the little David who had spoken would be annihilated by their Goliath.

"Friends" said the reverend gentleman, "it looks to me like child's play to rise here, just to knock over the little cob-house our young friend has builded with so much care. Let me sum up all these propositions in one. In six days, God made the heavens and the earth and pronounced them good; that he did not wait for ages and ages of time, but he did it in six days. [Great applause.] He placed man on the earth, and in his wisdom, he, pitying his lonely condition made woman. The earth was already covered with trees and plants, every tree bringing seed after its kind. He did not wait for ages on ages to do it, he did it in six days. Now, friends, it has not taken my half hour to do that little job, and I will not use the balance of my time, for there is no argument." The preacher sat down amid roars of applause. The next speaker was Daisy Dean. Most people thought that she would

not dare take the floor after the terrible blow the teacher had received, but she came calmly forward to the desk.

“Friends,” she said, “it may be considered presumptuous for me to say it, but the last speaker has made no argument against the question. He says God made the world in six days. Many of the Christian scholars claim, as said in holy writ, that one day with the Almighty is as a thousand years, and that the days spoken of in the text were long periods of time, and the six days or long periods of time, must have amounted to ages and ages in which to consummate the work. He has given us nothing to reply to, so I will show to the best of my ability how matter and force are the great elements through which nature works; that cause and effect are the operators in the great plan, and that evolution is the web woven in the great loom of time, carrying forward the work. It works through human endeavors, the love of life, of ease, of comfort, for motive powers. The nurseryman in the propagation of fruits, by budding and grafting and culture, produces finer varieties of fruit, than the kind that was made in six days; and so, not only in fruits but in every avenue of life the analogy holds good. From the dim past where our forefathers lived in huts or even dens of the earth. Their clothing was rude, made from the skins of animals, with no knowledge, no books, no fire. Compare all this with the thousand comforts we have to-day, and deny the truth of evolution. Who can?” While she spoke the audience sat spell-bound. Her self-possession and the ease with which she handled her subject carried conviction to every listener; and the burst of applause that

followed her to her seat showed that the tide had turned in the opinions of the audience.

The next speaker, Asa Black, Esq., said that he would not be so ungallant as to attempt to reply to a lady, and took his seat amid groans from the audience.

As no one chose to make any remarks, James Stewart took the floor for the closing argument. He showed conclusively that the doctrine of evolution was true in the rise and fall of empires and governments; that at last, the simple form of government for the people and by the people was the star in the West, leading the nations of the old world to it; that the arts and sciences were making constant advancement, all working for the well-being of humanity. He closed amid roars of applause, and the verdict was unanimously given to the affirmative. Daisy Dean was the recipient of many compliments and the teacher became very popular.

CHAPTER III.

The arguments advanced by the teacher and Daisy Dean made a great impression on the little community, and was the subject of conversation whenever neighbors met. Great astonishment was manifested that the deacon's daughter should so well understand the subject. After his signal defeat at the debate and the absence of an argument, the Rev. Mr. Praiseworthy did not stand as high in the estimation of the community as formerly, and it did not add to the kindly feelings he held towards his opponents; neither did it add to the numbers of his audience. Although large numbers had recently been added to his church, he noticed with chagrin that the numbers who remained

faithful were growing less and less, until nearly all of those who had joined in the last revival had fallen from grace and their names had been removed from the church book.

About this time a new accession was made to the business element of the town. A Mr. Wilson moved into the village and took charge of the only hotel. He made many improvements, and being a genial, agreeable companion, he soon became very popular. It was soon understood that he was a disciple of the doctrine that was so ably handled at the debate, and many were the knots of men and boys who gathered on his broad porch to discuss the subject. It was surprising to see what a hold these new ideas had upon the minds of the people, and as time passed a society was organized, and stated meetings were held. Sometimes a lecturer from abroad occupied their platform; at other times an article was read by the teacher, or a discussion was entered into by the members. Their numbers rapidly increased and they were soon enabled to build a hall of their own, and Daisy Dean was one of a list of speakers who occupied the pulpit at regular intervals.

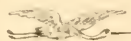
The Rev. Mr. Praiseworthy was obliged to resign his charge and seek another field of labor; and as the new society grew and flourished there was not paying members enough left in the church to insure a preacher's salary, consequently the church was without a pastor, and Deacon Dean became so impressed with the truth of the doctrine of evolution, he left the church and became an ardent adherent of the new society. Shortly after Mr. Dean left the church, his aged father feeling that evil would surely come to that house, left

to reside with his daughter, hoping he had found a refuge where the trail of the serpent could not enter; but here he was doomed to disappointment, for soon a visit from Daisy was planned by her cousins.

Upon her arrival her grandfather drew her to his knee and prayed her to abandon her wicked belief before it was too late, and seek for mercy.

"No, grandpa," said the gentle girl, "I would be sorry to cause you any unhappiness, but feel that I am right and consequently cannot retract."

Her teachings had the same effect here as in her own immediate neighborhood. She was invited to deliver a lecture, which she did, and awakened an interest which grew until a society was organized and regular speaking was the result of her efforts.



THE HINDOO SKEPTIC.

I think till I weary with thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo King,
And I see but shadows around me—
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of His favor or His wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the finite the infinite search?
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought?
Or a throb of the brain in its bars?

For aught that my eye can discern,
Your God is what you think good;
Yourself flashed back from the glass
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just;
And this is His realm you say;
And the good are dying of hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy;
And the famine is not yet gone;
That He hateth the shedder of blood,
And He slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live;
That the spirit can never die—
If He were contented when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning;
So must soil, and its meaning is flowers.
What if our souls are but nurture
For lives that are greater than ours.

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the birds soar out of the blue,
Man's thought may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you.



SAVE YOUR SOUL.

I am sick of the preacher's only strain,
Save your soul, save your soul, save your soul,
I am tired of hearing forever and aye
The same old song from the pulpit roll.

It seems to me like a selfish cry,
This telling a man that the only thing
Of any importance here below
Is saving *himself* from a future sting.

Far nobler far, far better, it seems to me,
To tell a man to save some other,
To send him up and down through the world
Seeking and saving his fallen brother.

To put him off from the beaten track,
Out into the hedges of sin and shame;
To teach and to tell to the captives bound,
The beauty and glory of virtue's name.

To rescue the starving from sin and death,
To rescue the sinning one from crime,
To preach the gospel of present helps
To the weary ones on the shores of time.

To seek out those whom the world forgets,
To plant a flower on a nameless grave,
To hide the erring one in the heart,
And strengthen it with a purpose brave.

To do to the little ones of God
The things which he does to the great,
To walk the world with a purpose grand,
And with eye on the final good, to wait.

If a man does this, I dare affirm
That he can afford to forego all care
About going to heaven, and give his whole time
To the work of getting his neighbor there.



We Meet Upon the Level & Part Upon the Square.

We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square—
What words of precious meaning these words Masonic
are!

Come, let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a
thought—

In the very soul of Masonry these precious words are
wrought.

We meet upon the level though from every station
come,

The rich man from his mansion, and the poor man
from his home;

For the one must leave his heritage outside the Masons
door,

While the other finds his best respect upon the check-
ered floor.

We part upon the square, for the world must have its
due;

We mingle with the multitude—a faithful band, and
true;

But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green;
And we long upon the level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are journeying
toward it fast,
We shall meet upon the level there, when the gates of
death are past;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our master will
be there,
To try the blocks we offer with his own unerring
square.

We shall meet upon the level, but never thence depart.
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each faithful,
trusting heart—
There's a mansion, and a welcome, and a multitude is
there
Who have met upon the level, and been tried upon the
square.

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring
patient here,
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor is severe;
Already, in the Western sky, the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and part upon the
square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, in the bright fraternal
chain!
We part upon the square below to meet in heaven
again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning these words
Masonic are;
We meet upon the level, and part upon the square.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Swing inward, O gates of the Future !
Swing outward, ye doors of the Past !
For the soul of the People is moving,
And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating,
And calling her sons to the fray.

Swing inward, O gates ! till the morning
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
Till the life and the love of the New Time
Shall conquer the hate of the Old;
Let the face and the hand of the Master
No longer be hidden from view,
Nor the lands he prepared for the many
Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
The seasons their bounties display,
And the flowers lift their faces in glory
To catch the warm kisses of day;
While our fellows are treated as cattle
That are muzzled when treading the corn,
And millions sink down in Life's battle
With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the sea plead in vain that the river,
 May return to its mother for rest,
And the earth beg the rain-clouds to give her
 Of dews they have drawn from her breast?
Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter
 From domes where the quick lightnings glow,
And from heights where the mad waters utter
 Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather
 In fields where they never have sown;
Who have stolen the jewels from Labor.
 And builded to Mammon a throne;
For the Snow King, asleep by the fountains,
 Shall wake in the Summer's hot breath,
And descend in hot rage from the mountains,
 Bearing terror, destruction and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
 And the scepter be swept from his hand;
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
 And a servant be chief in the land.
And the truth and the Power united
 Shall rise from the graves of the true,
And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
 In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
 Whose lips never uttered a lie;
And his prophets and poets have read it
 In symbols of earth and of sky—
That to him who hath reveled in plunder

Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder
And tempest and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O gates of the Future !
Swing outward, ye doors of the Past !
A giant is waking from slumber,
And rending his fetters at last.

From the dust, where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.



LIVING STONES.

My friend, are you getting discouraged
In fighting the battle of life?
Does it seem in your weakness and darkness
A hopelessly desperate strife?
Do you feel that your study and labor
Are destined to bring no reward?
Is the goal of your ardent ambition
By numberless accidents barred?
Despair not! true, thorough self culture
Is never unwisely bestowed;
The stone that is fit for the builder
Will not always be left in the road.

Does it seem an injustice that others
Whose merits and fitness are less,
Through chances of fortune or favor,
Rush forward to easy success?
Remember that fortune is fickle,
And friends will not always endure,
So to those who depend upon either,
The future is never secure.
The tide that is now in their favor
At some time may ebb as it flowed,
And the stone that's unfit for the builder
Will be ruthlessly flung in the road.

Be patient ! life's loftiest prizes
Are not to be hastily won;
Expect not to gather the harvest
The moment the seed has been sown;
A ravenous horde of pretenders—
A pushing and clamorous crew—
Will have to be tried and found wanting
Ere you can be tried and found true.
The best by the side of the worthless,
Together may lie in the load,
But the stone that is fit for the builder
Will not always be left in the road.

Go read the encouraging story
Of eminent men of the past,
Who, long in obscurity toiling,
Compelled recognition at last;
Of men, who in art, or in science,
Or letters, have conquered a place,
Or in the wide realm of invention,
Have left a rich boon to their race;
Their names upon history's pages,
Like stars in the darkness have glowed;
Like stones that were fit for the builder,
They were not to be left in the road.



CALL HIM MAD.

Yes, call him mad who dares to climb
The rock-strewn path of truth,
You who would never dare to peer
Beyond the ken of youth;
You who never see the seed
Till the bursting of the grain,
And can never feel the sunshine
Glowing just beyond the rain !

Call him mad, who, pushing forward,
Full a century in the van,
Plants his banner on the hill-tops,
Claims man's leader is a man !
And if you must stop and linger,
Afraid to breast the hill,
Stand back in lower darkness,
Make room for him who will !

Float in your idle vessels,
Close within the harbor bar;
Make it dance among the ripples,
Though you may not venture far !
Lie and wonder at the waters,
Stretching out so wild and free,
Somewhere there's a better sailor,
Who will dare to put to sea.

Sleep you then in perfect safety,
Close within the guarded fort;
Make the war of Earth a pastime,
And the fight of Life a sport;
Linger, if you will, in pleasure,
While the weary hours lag,
Somewhere there's a bolder soldier,
Who will carry on the flag.

Call him mad ! And yet forever
Some grand leader will be there,
Pushing upward to the summit,
Pushing up toward clear air.
You may stay in closer darkness,
Clasping close your clanking chain,
Some one yet will strike it from you,
Making free the heart and brain !



HEAVEN CANNOT SAVE.

"Oh! God, have mercy!" a mother cried,
 As she humbly knelt at the cradle side;
 "Oh! God, have mercy, and hear my prayer,
 And take my babe in Thy tender care.
 The angel of Death is in the room,
 And is calling loud for my babe to come;
 Thou, Thou alone hast power to save—
 Oh! God, have mercy! 'tis all I crave."

* * * *

A tiny grave, 'neath a willow's shade,
 Told what answer The Merciful made.

The night was dark on Ocean's breast,
 And the waves rolled high in wild unrest,
 Where a stately bark was dashing on
 Toward a breaker's crest, with her rudder gone;
 Around the capstan, in wild despair,
 The crew have gathered, and joined in prayer
 To him, who only had power to save,
 To deliver them now from a watery grave.

* * * *

A crash, and a 'gulphing wave alone,
 Were the answers of the Omnipotent One.

At noon of night in the city's heart,
 When slumber reigned o'er home and mart,

The fire-fiend burst from his secret place,
 And wrapped all things in his fierce embrace.
 Oh ! then, how many a frenzied prayer
 To Heaven, for safety rent the air !
 For homes ! for lives ! for loves !—and then
 The flames that crisped them sneered—Amen !

* * * *

Homes, friends and loved ones crisped and charred
 Told how Heaven the prayers had heard.

From the earliest dawn of Nature's birth,
 Since sorrow and sin first darkened the earth,
 From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
 Wherever the waves of Humanity roll,
 The breezy robe this planet wears
 Has quivered and echoed with countless prayers.
 Each hour a million knees are bent;
 A million prayers to Heaven are sent,
 There's not a summer beam but sees
 Some humble suppliant on his knees;
 There's not a breeze that murmurs by
 But wafts some pitiful prayer on high;
 There's not a woe afflicts our race
 But some one bears to the Throne of Grace.
 And for every temptation our souls may meet,
 Is grace besought at the Mercy Seat.

* * * *

The beams smile on, and Heaven, serene,
 Still bends as though no prayers had been;
 And the breezes moan, as still they wave—
When Man is powerless, Heaven cannot save !

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day:
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And some one, sometime, may lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand?
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to that noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering words,
And "somebody's mother's" prayer was heard.



THE DYING INFIDEL.

I am dying, Christian, dying,
And my life light fades away,
To the tint of chilling shadows
With which night entombs the day.
Let me ask of you a favor,
As I go the way of earth—
Go to pay the debt of Nature
That each one incurs at birth.

With me still are my convictions,
As in life I held them dear,
And I would be worse than coward !
If I cringe or falter here.
Thus in life's expiring streamlet,
As it wastes adown the hill,
I will perish—(Ha ! you tremble ;)
Die an unbeliever still.

Let no preacher's voice upbraid me,
I despise his cant and scorn,
Though I bend to Mother Nature,
Like the ripe and golden corn,
For he wields no scepter o'er me,—
Knows not whence I go or came,
Nor the fate of those before me
Since warm life has quenched its flame.

Should thy priests to awe their minions
Swear my life was closed in fear,
And I went a whining coward !
To the ghastly hungry bier,
Tell them that I never faltered,
Never from my duty ran,
Never bowed the knee to Baal,
But died every inch a man.

What is all thy boasted glory,
Boasted peace and love divine
When dark hate, and lust and murder
Round the cross like ivy twine?
Faith breeds strife; and each religion
Nursed by Christian, Greek or Jew,
Tramples on a neighbor's feellugs
Never pays "the Devil's due."

I am dying, Christian, dying,
Soon the clouds will o'er me rest,
And the grass above me growing—
I will sleep on Mother's breast.
Sweetly sleep—no doubt forever—
With no fear of smoking hell
That beclouds the mental vision,
Christian, once again, farewell.



REV. JOSIAH WILLIAMS.

"Ah," soliloquized the minister, "I must make my sermons more impressive. There seems to be a falling off in my audience; too many of my people are attending the lectures given by that infidel, who is drawing such crowds to listen to his strong arguments against Christianity. I will preach next Sunday upon the sin of being led away by false teachings—anti-Christ—who by fair sounding words would deceive the very elect." Thus saying the minister selected for his text the words of Jesus: "Go not after them, my people," and set himself to his task.

The cause of his anxiety was a series of lectures upon evolution and kindred subjects, which were being delivered in the town, and large crowds were attracted to listen to the speaker, who was an expert; who by long study of the Bible and biblical works had grown out of his old beliefs, which were a truth to him at one time, and he left the pulpit because he could no longer preach Christ and him crucified as a saviour of men.

There were many church members who went at first out of curiosity to listen to the lectures, but becoming interested in the subjects, had continued to attend, as we have seen, to the annoyance of their pastor, Rev. Theodore Beauchamp. On the following Sunday his

audience were surprised at the earnestness with which he treated the subject. His text, as we have seen, was: "Go not after them, oh my people." He applied the text to the present occasion, explaining the sin and folly of going after false teachings. Go not after them, oh my brethern, rang out again and again from the sacred desk.

The lectures continued and the audience increased, and the vacant seats in the church of the Rev. Beauchamp were conspicuous for their numbers. Among those who had been led away was a gentleman by the name of Cornell. He was a wealthy man and very liberal to the church, consequently he was a great loss, and the pastor set himself to work to induce him to return. Long and earnestly he labored with the brother, to persuade him that he was going wrong; that the teachings he was listening to were false; but Cornell had become too much interested in the new philosophy to have any desire to turn back, consequently the pastor had but very little influence over him. Among others for whom the pastor professed extreme solicitude, was an estimable lady who was the owner of a large property, and whose donations were always liberal. He paid her frequent visits and endeavored to convince her that the teachings she was listening to were untenable. He quoted from Jesus to beware of false teachers, who would appear at the last days and deceive many, and his great desire was to hold her as by the arms of faith from following after strange gods and being led by delusions. Several of his flock who were in moderate circumstances, and who were necessarily compelled to donate sparingly to the church, he paid no particular attention to, farther

than to give them a sharp reprimand when he chanced to meet them.

Let us listen to the untenable doctrines, as the Rev. Theodore Beauchamp called them. The lecturer, a tall man with gray hair and benevolent features, stood before an audience of many hundreds of people, and as he grasped the subject of evolution and painted it as on a canvass—the changes through which the earth has passed, from its primeval condition, when, according to geology, the globe was a molten mass of lava; that the cooling process occupied ages of time; that the laws of attraction and gravitation operating through that liquid mass drew together the rocks and minerals and metals, which form the frame work and foundations of the earth; that the commingling of the gasses formed the waters, which not only occupy two-thirds of the surface of the globe, but whose streams circulate through all the under-ground system, like the blood which fills the arteries in the human form; that when the earth's surface had become a crust that vegetable life gradually made its appearance, small and weak and governed by existing conditions; but every growth was the promise of a better, for all went to produce soil. That in the cooling process the earth's surface took on the uneven conditions; the mountains were caused through upheavals and contractions of the surface; from the force of escaping gasses, volcanoes were produced, great chimneys, which were the outlet of heat and steam, thereby relieving the pressure from within. He showed how through changes of condition, animal life had differentiated; that necessity had been the propelling influence which had governed life, both animal and human; that the needs of the body

impelled to exertion; that hunger led to the seeking of food; that the elements compelled them to seek for shelter, and that the wants and needs of life has caused the development of the human brain; also as brain power expanded, the mind was able to grasp other subjects and civilization is the result. Still farther, and the arts and sciences have assumed their places, and with every step in the advancement of scientific knowledge, myths have given way and the schoolmaster takes the place of the priest; that the education of the masses was the open sesame to progression; that through education came recognition of the rights of others; that through oppression man had ever struggled for liberty; that our fathers left the shores of the old world for love of liberty, but the yoke of the oppressor followed them here and rested heavily upon their necks; that it was only by the force of arms that they threw off the galling chains of the tyrant, and in the din of war this great republic was born. Its baptism was blood, and what was the result, a free people? No; only free white men. Again the sound to arms was heard and again there was a baptism of blood. The chains were stricken off from four millions of human beings; and was this a free people? No; only the black was freed.

Another struggle is abroad in the land; the same conditions exist to-day that caused our fathers to rush into the fray. Taxation without representation was a burden too grievous to be borne by them, but they have placed the yoke they once wore upon the necks of the women of the republic—those who in their great magnanimity they claim to love, to worship and adore, but still will not remove the load from

their frail shoulders, which was too heavy for their own. Oh, consistency, thou jewel, where shall we find thee? But the struggle will go on, not with war, rapine and murder, but with argument. Woman standing nobly by the side of her brother man, and in all things sharing his burdens. Education of the masses will bring about the desired result. The excuse that woman cannot carry the musket will not then be made, for with her advent into our legislative bodies, new laws will be made, and arbitration, instead of bloodshed, will be the manner by which national differences will be settled. When woman assumes her proper position in the government of the people, a new order of things will be inaugurated. The old institutions will be renovated; house-cleaning will be in order; equal rights will be established, and that will mean equal pay for equal work for woman as well as man. This is an age of progression. Evolution is carrying the world forward; each generation takes a step a little higher than did the last. Upward and onward has ever been the destiny of man. Who can wonder that the people were charmed with the thoughts that were so new to them.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Beauchamp decided to study up the subject of evolution in order to be more fully able to refute the arguments which he considered so untenable. Consequently he procured the necessary works and and started in upon his task. The more he read the more interested he became. Gradually his eyes opened to the grandeur of the subject, and ere he was aware he was embodying the principles of evolution into his

sermons. The subject was full of beauty, and his whole soul was absorbed in the study of nature.

Great excitement was caused by the recent departure of the Rev. Theodore Beauchamp, and large crowds flocked to hear him, but the synod was near its session and charges were preferred against the reverend brother for preaching heresy, and as he would not retract he was deposed from the ministry and expelled from the church. Being now free, he resolved to establish an independent church, and with the assistance of many who had been his former parishioners, a hall was provided and a regular course of lectures entered upon. His success on the platform was even greater than in the pulpit, and crowds flocked to hear him and a large society was built up.

Soon after the Rev. Beauchamp was expelled from church a heavy failure occurred. A member of the church of which he had been pastor, one who had been very severe in his denunciations of the minister and his course of action, failed for a large amount. He compromised with his creditors, allowing them only twenty cents on the dollar. Many were the losers by his transaction, but the law upheld him and he still retained membership in the church. Very soon he was able to enter into business again as though nothing had happened.

Among the heaviest losers by the failure was a man who had left the church through the teachings of the pastor, whose all was involved in the business, and the small percentage he received in the final settlement left him in a condition in which he was unable to again go into business. He applied to Smith & Co.

for work and was refused on account of his religious views.

The new pastor who had taken the place of the Rev. Beauchamp was strong in the faith and labored hard to build up the walls of Zion which had been so badly damaged. He visited many of the members who had wandered, and endeavored to prevail upon them to return, as it sorely grieved him to be compelled to remove their names from the church book, but without success, and a church meeting was called and a large number of names were crossed from the fellowship of the church.

Soon after a new accession was made to the church. A wealthy maiden lady, becoming deeply impressed with the necessity of a change of heart, was suddenly converted and joined the church, much to the satisfaction of the pastor, who was a widower. He immediately began paying marked attention to sister Jones, and soon he had secured the large estate with no encumbrance upon it except a wife.

Little Nellie Williams, the pastor's daughter, was deeply grieved that her mother's place should so soon have been filled in her father's heart and home, as her mother had been dead only a few months; and she could readily see that each had been actuated by different motives; with the one, wealth and affluence was the governing motive, with the other, a husband and position. She soon found that she was an unwelcome inmate of her father's house, and arrangements were made for her to go to a distant city to reside with an aunt, a sister of her mother. While there she formed the acquaintance of a young man, who occupied the position of teacher in a large school. His peculiar

views interested her very much, and he invited her to attend a course of lectures upon evolution and kindred subjects with him. Her home life and accute observation had removed from her mind all respect for religion and her mind was ripe for the reception of reason. She soon became a convert to the new faith and an earnest advocate to its principles.

Upon her father's learning these facts he pre-emptorily ordered her home, but her views were now too firmly established to be affected by any influence he could bring to bear upon her. Of course this brought about an unpleasant state of affairs between herself and her father and she resolved to leave home. But what could she do? Acting upon the advice of her friends she sought and obtained a situation as teacher in a small village a few miles from her home. Her father strongly objected to this measure, for he had become a man of wealth, and consequently occupied a more commanding position, both in church and society, and he felt that it reflected upon his position to have his daughter teaching a village school, and worse than all, avowing her belief in the principles which were gaining ground so rapidly, so he brought not only advice, but parental authority to bear upon her; but his daughter being of age, and possessing a good deal of independence of character, decided to leave home, as it would be more conducive to her happiness; she would earn her own living independent of his recently acquired wealth. This step closed her father's doors against her, but full of a determination to be self-sustaining and enjoy her belief she accepted the situation.

In the village where she was located as a school teacher, was a young man who had also become a con-

vert to the new faith. A friendship grew up between them and through their combined exertions a little knot of liberals, as they called themselves, met often for the exchange of ideas and mutual improvement. The young man, whose name was Charles Saunders, was engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements, and had built up quite an extensive trade. His prospects were good, and after a short acquaintance with Nellie he proposed marriage. His offer was accepted and they were married. However, before the ceremony, she wrote to her father, acquainting him with the fact and inviting him to be present and officiate. But time passed and no word came from the Rev. Josiah Williams and they were married without his consent or presence. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders commenced housekeeping with every prospect of happiness. The Rev. Mr. Williams received the invitation which his daughter so kindly and thoughtfully sent him, made inquiries about the young man, and upon learning his religious views refused to accept the invitation, and so all communication was cut off between the two families. Time passed and the minister was again left a widower. His wife dying suddenly, left no will, consequently the husband fell heir to a large amount of property.

Upon hearing of the death of his wife, Nellie again wrote to her father, expressing sympathy for his loss and inviting him to visit them. Her husband also sent his sympathy and joined with his wife in an invitation to make them a visit. As Mr. Saunders had become quite an influential man and had also acquired considerable property, the minister accepted their invitation, hoping thereby to induce them to become

members of his church. Their meeting was cordial, and the father was much pleased with his son-in-law, and brought to bear upon him every argument or motive to induce him to make a public profession of religion and unite with the church, but all in vain. Charles Saunders was an honest, upright man, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to swerve from what he believed to be right, and so the minister had to return without accomplishing his most desired object. But the Rev. Josiah Williams was now a rising man, with accession of property his influence was much greater than when he was a poor man, and his name began to be talked of for Bishop. He soon married again—a widow with property, and this time there was an encumbrance in the shape of two daughters. The will of the father left the property to the mother, supposing at her death it would be equally divided between the children. Soon after her marriage with the Rev. Josiah Williams; he had a call to a distant city, and feeling that the Lord had called, and as a much larger salary was offered, he accepted and went. Of course his wife had to leave her home and as her daughters were under age the minister advised that they be placed in a boarding school to complete their education. Much against her will the mother consented and arrangements were made for putting them in a seminary near where they were going to remove, so that the mother could often visit them. Thus passed two years and the daughters graduated. The minister objected to their coming home as the holy quiet of his home would be disturbed by the advent of two young ladies, and advised their mother to send them to reside with a widowed sister of hers, in a

country town near the sea-coast. He assured his wife that the sea air would be far more conducive to their health than a residence in the city. Again their mother complied under protest. As agent for his wife in the administration of her property, he had managed to control the income so that she had very small means at her command, and in making arrangements for the support of her daughters she requested him to furnish a stipulated sum for their maintenance. This he objected to, claiming that the girls were well educated and quite capable of sustaining themselves. At this she remonstrated, feeling that with the large property she possessed that her girls should have a proper maintenance; but he coolly informed her that the property she possessed became his by his marriage with her and she had no further control of it; and as no part of it had been willed to her girls, they had no legal claim to it, consequently the sooner they obtained situations the better, for he should not hold himself responsible for their maintenance. Things were in this position when the mother, worn down by anxiety and regret for the step she had taken, thereby depriving her daughters of the comforts of a happy home and generous maintenance as contemplated and provided by their father, fell an easy prey to fever and in a few days the Rev. Josiah Williams received the sympathy of his church and the community for his irreparable loss.

The girls thus left without mother or home, by the advice of friends, sought the interference of the law. But what could be done? According to law the property of the wife reverted to her husband at marriage. The subject became the cause of much scandal, and the girls were left homeless while the minister had full possession of their father's wealth.

Through his wealth the minister stood very high in the church, and few were brave enough among his members to censure him. It is hard to imagine a man and a father, and much more a minister and follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, to be guilty of meanness like that, but it shows how little power the cleansing blood of Jesus has.

Soon after the death of his wife, the Rev. Josiah Williams was called to a new field. He was established in a large city and his new society was wealthy. He was far removed from the late scandal and his prospects were bright. He soon placed

his affections upon a beautiful young girl, who had recently been left an orphan with a quarter of a million in her own right. The lady was outside of the pale of the church and rather giddy, but this did not deter our reverend wife-hunter. He was a well-preserved man, of pleasing address and personal, and wealthy withal. He soon persuaded the young lady to become a member of his church and in course of time to accept his hand and assist him in his arduous duties.

Near the city where resided our motherless girls, lived a benevolent gentlemen whose home had recently been made desolate by the death of a beloved daughter. Upon hearing the facts of the case, he sought an introduction to the girls, and invited them to make his house their home, as his wife mourned for her lost child. His offer was so cordial and their necessities so great they accepted it, and were soon pleasantly established in the home of James Martin, Esq. The girls were cordially welcomed, and by their lady-like, unassuming manners and their evident desire to make themselves useful they soon became favorites of Mr. Martin and his wife. Near them lived a family by the of Burns, consisting of mother and three daughters. Mr. Burns was a traveling agent for an extensive manufacturing establishment and was seldom at home, and was absent when Miss Jennie and Nellie Stevens became members of the Martin family. During his travels he visited the town where the Rev. Josiah Williams formerly lived, and learning some of the facts of the case, and that the property formerly belonging to Mrs. Stevens was to be sold, he advised Mr. Martin of the fact and together they visited the town and took legal advice to see if something could not be done to secure a part of it for the rightful heirs. Great indignation was expressed against the minister, who, under the cloak of religion, could so wrong two innocent girls; but as far as the law was concerned the Rev. Josiah Williams was heir to all of the property of Alexander Stevens, deceased, and the estate was sold and the money went into his pocket. So failed the efforts to secure the rights of the orphan girls and they continued to make their home at the Martins. Jennie secured a position as teacher in one of the schools of the town, but Mrs. Martin feeling that she could not spare them both, Nellie was induced to remain at home. Thus passed two years, when

one sad day the doors of the beyond opened and Mr. Martin passed through and was seen no more. Mrs. Martin clung to Jennie and Nellie as her own children, and refused to have them leave her. When Mr. Martin's will was read it was found that he had provided abundantly for his wife and also for the girls. For this they were grateful, but Jennie continued to teach while Nellie remained with Mother Martin, feeling almost the same affection for her that she had felt for her own mother. Here they remained, a comfort to her who had so befriended them in adversity, until the death of Mrs. Martin, when it was found she divided her property between them and they were well provided for.

The Rev. Josiah Williams decided soon after his marriage that he would retire from the pulpit, and be free from its labors, as the salary was not now a necessity, and his large property required his attention. He accordingly resigned his pastorate of the church and retired to private life. He had invested large sums in railroad stocks which were proving very remunerative, and the quarter million which his young wife had brought him added largely to his income. But in the midst of his prosperity came the call which all must hear, and he was compelled to pass beyond the veil. There we will not follow him.



THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

Men build up their worlds like poor, blinded moles,
With just room enough for their own narrow souls,
'Tis plain to their minds that black is not white,
And there's only one line 'twixt the wrong and the
right.

Firmly believing their creeds to be true,
They wonder that others don't think as they do.
In the ages ago, they tortured each other,
And forced down their creeds in the throat of a brother.

They forgot, in mechanics, no two clocks will strike
Throughout all the hours precisely alike;
That our species, like clocks, are of different kinds,
And mankind are fashioned with various minds.
Ah! 'tis a great truth to learn—a prize, if you win it,—
“There's room in the world for all that is in it.”
This life is a play, where each human heart,
To make out the denouement, must act out its part.

If all men, like sheep, should follow one way,
Then life would, indeed, be a very poor play.
'Tis the law of our being most pointedly shown,
That each man must live out a life of his own.
Ah! be not too rash to judge of another,
But ever remember that man is your brother.

God made the owl see, where man's sight is dim
And the light that guides you may be darkness to
him.

'Tis a great truth to learn—a prize, if you win it,
“There's room in the world for all that is in it.”
Our mission on earth is well understood
To root out the evil and cultivate good.
Down, deep in the innermost depths of the soul,
A voice ever sings of the far distant goal;
And it whispers so soft, like a faint, muffled breath,
There's something within us that's stronger than
death!

That souls are but sown in this hard, earthy clod,
To blossom and bloom in the garden of God.
Oh, brothers! there's only one God for us all,
But his voice unto each makes a different call.
Some see him in rags, as Jesus of old;
Some mitred, and blazing in purple and gold.
Ah! let us not proudly monopolize right,
Nor demand of a brother to see with our sight.
'Tis a great truth to learn—a prize if you win it.—
“There's room in this world for all that is in it.”



WHO SHALL JUDGE?

Who shall judge man by his manner?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings;
Satin vests can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of stone;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters—rulers—lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men !
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thought and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high sapplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nations wealth and fame,
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me;
Links oppression with its titles
But as pebbles in the sea.



THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hope makes the heart throb lighter.
Our dust may slumber in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
We have heard its voice of living thunder!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to Heaven from scaffolds' gory.
They passed; but see the work they wrought;
Now the crowded hopes of centuries blossom;
How the live lightning of their thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful,
And it shall write the Future's page,
To our humanity more truthful;
The gnarliest heart hath tender cords
To awaken to the name of "Brother!"

'Tis coming when the scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other !
'Tis coming, yes, 'tis coming !

Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer !
Aside, thou world-wide curse, called king !
The people's step is quicker, stronger,
There's a divinity within
That makes men greater when'er they will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming, yes, 'tis coming !

Freedom ! the tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;
And, though doomed millions feed the graves
Dug by Death's fierce red-handed reapers.
The world will not forever bow
To things that mock God's own endeavor !
'Tis nearer than we wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword forever.
'Tis coming, yes, 'tis coming !

Fraternity, Love's other name,
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream.
As souls, full statured, grow far-seeing;
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey—
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And Love's own world with smile's more sunny.
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Ay, it must come ! The Tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is cankered, with our best blood crusted !
Room for the men of mind ! Make way,
Ye robber rulers ! pause no longer !
Ye cannot stay the opening day !
The world rolls on—the light grows stronger,
The People's Advent's coming !



THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the things you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You are hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,

The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels,
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the things you do, dear.
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.



WHAT RULES THE WORLD?

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
'Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds:
Yet all his "ics" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colors in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven
When this banner is unfurled,
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."



WE SHALL KNOW.

When the mists have rolled in splendor,
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter,
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known
Nevermore to walk alone
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,

Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over;
And the mists have cleared away,
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
Till the mists have rolled away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.



WHAT IS INFIDELITY?

An Infidel ! how easy said,
But wherefore comes the name ?
What is "an infidel ?" I ask,
And is it cause for shame ?

Is it to take for truth and right,
What reason has weighed well ?
To "prove all things, hold fast the good ?"
Then am I infidel.

Is it to trust with fearless faith
The God within the soul ;
Heeding the voice that speaks therein,
Spurning all false control ?

Trusting in inspiration past,
In inspiration now—
Selecting wheat from out the chaff,
Where'er it comes or how ?

Believing that Heaven oft lifts the soul,
With promptings pure and high ?
If this, all this, be infidel,
Then infidel am I.

Unflinchingly I face the scorn,
 Freely accept the shame;
For, if "an infidel" means this
 I glory in the name.

With angels breathing round me oft,
 With hopes most high to cheer,
With earnest striving after truth,
 I cannot stoop to fear.

Tho' oft I meet with those I deem
 Fast bound in error's thrall,
I pray that charity be mine,
 For we are erring all.

With love to God and love to man,
 To justice, truth and right,
Heaven grant I ne'er be infidel
 To past or present light.

To creed-bound dogmas, false tho' old,
 I've bid a last adieu;
Your fetters ne'er can bind my soul—
 I'm infidel to you.



MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

Oh, Memory, ancient guest to-night, unclasp thy pages
clear,
And let us read, in lines of light, the name that we
revere;
Like some great panorama wrought, the pictures thou
shalt bring,
By glowing, daring deeds were bought, and patriots
round them cling.
Joined by humanitarian ties, we celebrate this hour—
The birthday of the soul we prize, who left us wealth
and power,
The wealth of thought, the power of truth the "Age of
Reason" reign,
That joins to-night the sire and youth in blessing
Thomas Paine.

The Quaker element within throbbed faster in his
breast,
It wore no fetter, sang no hymn that bore a servile
part.
What tho' old England's sea-girt shore can claim his
natal time,
Above the great Atlantic's roar still speak his words
sublime:

That thro' a century have stood, grand as when first unfurled—

“Religion is but doing good, my country is the world.”
Thus by his words, his acts, his life, our freedom and our gain,

We hail him Brother thro' all strife, the Patriot,
Thomas Paine.

Humane, consistent, just and kind, what wonder that he saw

No truth within a God whose mind outraged each sense and law;

A God who tortured, murdered, lied, revenged and cursed and changed,

Could not be revered with pride, from love must be estranged.

But Nature's voice in shining sky, the law in grassy sod,

With principles that never die, revealed to him a God.
Whose unchanged wisdom was divine, creative without strain,

And so when science reared her shrine, there worshiped Thomas Paine.

While manly hearts to-day may beat more free for what he's done,

It rests with ages to complete the work that he begun.

The same old spirit of the past, that placed him in a cell,

Flames with a persecution vast as theologic hell;

“The Crisis” coming just at hand, proclaim the old pollution,

For bigots strive to place with hands, "God in the
Constitution."

Our Fathers fought against this plea, this shameful,
deadly bane—

Up freemen! claim "The Rights of Man," like fear-
less Thomas Paine.

Hail thou to him whose thrilling words moved nations
on their way;

His "Common Sense" will yet be held o'er super-
stition's sway.

The patriot, martyr, teacher, man, lives here in hearts
of all,

And yet no eyes his face shall scan in Independence
Hall. *

Then underneath red, white and blue this motto fast
we'll bind:

"Our Bible in the truth we view, our God within man-
kind."

Each year this day to us endeared, for centuries may
it reign,

While freedom's children give three cheers for truth
and Thomas Paine. .

* The picture of Paine has been removed from Independence Hall,
where it was formerly placed with others who served America in her
time of need.



LOVE ME NOW.

If you're ever going to love me
Love me now, while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
Which from real affection flow.
Love me now while I am living,
Do not wait till I am gone,
And then chissel it in marble—
Warm love-words on ice-cold stone.

If you've dear, sweet thoughts about me,
Why not whisper them to me?
Don't you know 'twould make me happy,
And as glad as glad can be ?
If you wait till I am sleeping,
Ne'er to waken here again,
There'll be walls of earth between us,
And I couldn't hear you then.

If you knew some one was thirsting
For a drop of water sweet,
Would you be so slow to bring it?
Would you step with laggard feet?
There are tender hearts all round us
Who are thirsting for our love;
Shall we begrudge to them what heaven
Has kindly sent us from above?

I won't need your kind caresses
When the grass grows o'er my face;
I won't crave your love or kisses
In my last, low resting place.
So if you do love me any,
If it's but a little bit,
I'd rather know it now, while I
Can, living, own and treasure it.



THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The fairest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And when he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them, the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life; there are no dead.



KEEP YOUR FACES TO THE LIGHT.

There's a ringing, glorious measure
In the march of life, my brothers;

If we listen, we may hear it all day long,
With an undertone of triumph
No discordance wholly smothers,
And this is the cheerful burden of the song:

“ Forward ! keep the column moving !
Perfect rest shall be our guerdon

When our missions are fulfilled—our labors done ;
Duty's path lies plain before us,
Whatsoe'er our task and burden,
If we bravely set our faces to the sun.

“ Disappointments may o'ertake us,
Losses, griefs, and grim surprises

May assault us in the weary way we go ;
Look not back ; but onward, ever,
Lo ! the goal before us rises,
And the valley of the shadow lies below !

With a hand to help the fallen,
Where the rugged steeps delay us,

Though the reddening summits warn us of the night,
We shall conquer all the evils
That assault us and betray us,
While we keep our faces bravely to the light !

“Steady! keep the ranks in motion!
Though we be only retrieving
The disasters and mistakes of yesterday.
There is shame in dull inaction,
There is glory in achieving
If we take one step on the upward way!

Day by day the distance dwindles,
Foot by foot the steeps surrender,
And we dread no more the barriers overpast;
While we breathe the air serene,
And our eyes behold the splendor
Of the gates where we shall enter in at last.

Roadside thorns may rend and goad us,
Driving mist and clouds may blind us,
As we struggle up the last stupendous height;
But remember, and take courage,
All life's shadows lie behind us,
If we keep our faces bravely to the light.”



THE MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.

We worked through Spring and Winter, through
Summer and through Fall;

But the mortgage worked the hardest and the steadiest
of us all;

It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked each
holiday;

It settled down among us and never went away.

Whatever we kept from it seemed a'most as bad as
theft;

It watched us every minute, and it ruled us right and
lett.

The rust and blight were with us sometimes, and
sometimes not;

The dark-browed, scowling mortgage was forever on
the spot.

The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as well as
came;

The mortgage staid on forever, eating hearty all the
same.

It nailed up every window, stood guard at every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their home with us
no more,

Till with failing crops and sickness we got stalled
upon the grade,

And there came a dark day on us when the interest
wasn't paid;

And there came a sharp foreclosure, and I kind o' lost
my hold
And grew weary and discouraged, and the farm was
cheaply sold.

The children left and scattered when they hardly yet
was grown;
My wife she pined and perished, and I found myself
alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," and the doctors
never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as well as I
wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the doctor's
art,
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that woman's
broken heart.
Worm or beetle, drouth or tempest, on a farmer's land
may fall;
But for first-class ruination, trust a mortgage 'gainst
them all.



ON CREATION.

Prior to the great beginning,
When there was no heaven or earth,
When there was no starlight—sunlight—
When creation had no birth;
When a black and boundless nothing
Breathless, lifeless, round Him fell,
What occurred to wake His slumber?
What was there to break His spell?

Breathless, cheerless, all-pervading,
Starless, worthless, boundless night,
Was the *nothing* at beginning,
Out of which sprang worlds of light,
Out of which were made the heavens—
Countless worlds, remote and near,
And all living, moving creatures
In the depths of sea or air.

Yet we know not what aroused Him
To begin the mighty plan
Of creation in its vastness,
Forming lastly sinful man.
Why did he not leave *great nothing*
In its harmless silent space,
Rather than make man so sinful
As to damn the human race?

But 'tis said that man was sinless
Until tempted, when he fell—

Tempted by a slimy serpent
Crawling from the depths of hell;
Pure and spotless as the lily
In its early opening bloom,
Until tempted by the devil
To the shade of sin and gloom.

When that black and boundless *nothing*
Harmless, lifeless, round Him fell,
Why did God create the devil
Or conceive an endless hell?
If creation sent forth evil,
Or an evil comes of good,
Then where is the point dividing
Satan's works from works of God?

When there was no sunlight—moonlight,
When there was no heaven or hell;
When there was no place for sinning,
Or for sinful man to dwell,
Why was silence ever broken?
Why was man to weakness born?
Why were devils made to tempt him
And then leave him here to mourn?

Vast and searching are these questions,
Piercing, probing to the core,
Peering back beyond creation
To great nothing—nothing more.
Vast, though simple, is the question
Piercing, probing to the core;
Is it true there once was nothing,
Nothing, nothing, nothing more?

WHY IS THIS?

When the land is full of workers,
 Busy hands and active brains,
When the craftsmen and the thinkers
 Feel about them binding chains,
When the laborers are cheated
 Of the work their hands have wro't,
And the thinker, vain of logic,
 Sees that reason comes to naught.

When the forces men have harnessed,
 And have trained to do their will,
Ought to leave no homeless people,
 And no hungry mouths to fill,
But have prov'd to be the servants
 Of the shrewd and selfish few,
And the many get but little
 For the work they find to do.

When the labor of a million
 Goes to swell the gains of one,
As the serfs of ancient Egypt
 Slaved beneath a burning sun;
When the schemer and the sharper
 Hold the wealth and rule the land,
Using up the thinker's brain force,
 Mortgaging the craftman's hand.

When the many shear the sheep,
And the few secure the wool;
When the gallows claims its victims
And your costly jails are full;
Then the men who dreamed of progress,
And the hopes of peace and bliss,
While they weep and wonder vainly,
Ask each other: "Why is this?"

Then the thinker, while confessing
That his vision yet is dim,
Says that one thing, very clearly,
Is apparent unto him—
That the people, blind and heedless,
Place *themselves* beneath the rule
Either of the knavish schemer,
Or, still worse, the sodden fool.



MR. DE SPLAE.

It may seem a strange question, good people, but say,
Did you never hear tell of our Mr. De Splae?
A man who made up for the lack of good sense
By a wondrous amount of mere show and pretense;
Puffed up with conceit like an airy balloon,
He was hard to approach as the "man in the moon,"
Save when for some *purpose* it came in his way,
And then, O how gracious was Mr. De Splae!

A sly politician, a popular man,
When all things went smoothly he marshaled the van;
But when there was aught like a failure to fear,
He quickly deserted or fell to the rear.
His speech for the people went "gayly and glib,"
While he drew his support from the National crib;
But when an assessment or tax was to pay,
O, how outraged and angry was Mr. De Splae!

He smoked, and he chewed, and he drank, and he
swore;
But then every man whom the ladies adore,
Is prone to these failings—some more and some less,
Which are all overlooked in a man of address.
It also was whispered that he had betrayed
The too trusting faith of an innocent maid;
But the ladies all blamed *her* for going astray,
While they pardoned and petted—"dear Mr. De Splae."

There was good Mr. Honest, who lived but next door,
He was true, and substantial, and sound to the core;
He had made it the rule of his life, from his youth,
To shun all evasions and speak the plain truth;
But *the ladies*—who always are judges, you know,
Declared him to be a detestable beau—
Not worthy to be mentioned within the same day,
With that *pink of perfection*—"dear Mr. De Splae."

And yet he was pious—perhaps you will smile,
And ask how he happened the church to beguile;
Why, the churches accept men for better or worse,
If there's only a plenty of cash in the purse.
Gold still buys remission as freely and fast,
As it did in the Catholic Church in the past.
'Tis the same thing right over, and that was the way,
That the church swallowed smoothly "*good* Mr. De
Splae."

O, you ought to have heard him when leading in
prayer !

How he flattered the Father of All for His care,
And confessed he was sinful a thousand times o'er,
Which 'twas morally certain the Lord knew before.
The ladies responded in sweet little sighs,
With their elegant handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes,
But the pure, unseen spirits turned sadly away
From the loud-mouthed devotions of Mr. De Splae.

O, short-sighted mortal ! Poor Mr. De Splae !
His mask of deception was molded in clay,
And when his external in death was let fall,
What he was, without seeming, was known unto all.

His garment of patches—his flimsy disguise—
Which had won him distinction in other men's eyes,
Was "changed in a twinkling"—ay, vanished away,
Leaving nothing to boast of to Mr. De Splae.

Ah, a great reputation, a tittle, or name,
Oft brings its possessor to sorrow and shame;
But a *character*, founded in goodness and worth,
Outlasts all the perishing glories of earth.
O'er the frailties of nature, and changes of time,
It rises majestic, in beauty sublime,
Till the weak and faint-hearted are cheered by its ray,
Far above all mere seeming and empty display.



DAVE'S HOLLYHOCKS.

"Those hollyhocks down by the creek, Mrs. Wixom, how did they come there?"

"Now lay off your bonnet, Miss Johns, and I'll tell you the how and the why. Don't wonder you ask; 'taint often they're found in the woods. 'Taint their way, such handsome ones and so double. Do lay off your bonnet and stay.

"I always set store by them posies, them and pineys and lilacs, don't have to put your specks on to see them. Well, I sent for the seed of them hollyhocks down into Jersey to Mrs. Morris, and she wrote me what color they were and how many and sent them down by mail. Dave, he brought home the letter but never a package, and said he hadn't seed none, and directly he traveled up chamber to bed. Next morning I went to the office, but never said boo, 'bout the facts of the case. The mail man referred me to Dave, then I knew Dave lied. I argued the case in my mind whether to let on to the Deacon, that's father, but father's inclined to be rather hard on transgressors, and Dave was a limb, so I decided to settle the matter independent with him. But I found him curled up in the kitchen, a shivering and shaking, and straight I went to boiling up boneset, and my lecture I 'lowed it could wait.

"It was proper sickly that April, the sun kept shining and shining, and the wind it hung in the north and would not shift ary way, and the farmers all round were behind with their work, but they spaded heaps and heaps in the burying ground.

"Well, Dave, he sickened for certain, and one week from that sunshiny day, when I found him humped up in the kitchen, the doctor said on going away, 'I've done all I can Mrs. Wixom, 'tis the will of the Lord, let us bow to His will,' then he whistled and chirruped to his horse and drove away. It seemed all dark as though there was no sun in the heavens,

and I stood and held on to the door jambs with both hands and fit off a faint. When I could, I crept back shaky-like and found Dave asleep and he looked that white and that strange—ah, the doctor was right.

"I was brought up proper strict, and the Deacon was strong on original sin, and election, and wrath, and the judgment, and man's tetotal badness within, and the terrible fate of the sinner. It went through my brain like a flame, that Dave must go into the valley with that lie on his soul, and that solemn moment he woke; then I nursed him a little, and said, 'My dear boy, 'twould be well to tell mother what you did with them hollyhock seed.' I waited. Dave laid there, his eyes like two stars, and I knew he understood all and he said: 'Don't bother me askin, for, Miss Mother, I never will tell.'"

"And he wouldn't, and didn't. He slept through the night off and on, and father and I we watched. At sunrise he smiled happy like and was gone.

"Most stories end here. Heaped and covered with sod, every grave has the look of that one little Latin word *finis*, that is placed at the end of a book.

"Now the rest you must take for what it is worth. I was down at the mouth and distressed; could it be, with that smile on, that Dave had gone into torments? But what else could I hope or expect? The scriptures spoke sharp on that subject and plain. I was wretched, and father rebuked me for doubting. Never in my life had I doubted; alas, 'twas believin' that struck to my heart like knife.

"Well, that year passed, and the next, and last spring we determined to go down to Boston to see sister Hannah, and Boston, you probably know, is just crowded with people believin' in spirits; and Hannah was one, unbeknown to the Deacon or me, and she never let on, not one word on that pint. But one evening they had a caller, a little chinned man, with his hair parted straight down the middle, and when he was seated he began, lofty like, talking spirits to Hannah. I was shocked, but the Deacon bore up strong and steady, like the face of a meetin' house clock, and glanced down the street, unconcerned like, a readin' the signs, when the man took a fit, seized a pencil, and scratched off these queer lookin' lines,

and tossed them to Hannah and pointed to me; and her husband sat with open mouth and eyes takin' it in; 'twas as good as a show. Well, I decided I would not open that paper in a hurry, and I held it shut tight in my hand while that medium went on talkin' spirits; and I didn't that night, but next mornin' it ene'amost took my breath; for the writin' was Dave's—his crooked-backed 'Ds' I remembered—and the queer little pot-hooks said: 'Go dowl the path to the creek, Miss Mother, and you'll find what you want to know.' Signed 'your Dave.' Just like him, the darlin'. Well, I cried some, but I was beat when I found my name, Mrs. Susau Wixom, on the opposite side of the sheet.

"When we returned home it was summer, and only last Sunday I went dowl the path to the creek, as he told me, just to see what the little chap meant. And there where the boys went in swimmin', all round on the bank in full blow, tall, and straight, and handsome, and double, stood those hollyhocks, you know.

"Then I rememberd Dave was bid not to go in swimmin' that April, but it 'pears, spite of all, that he did; and comin' across the wood that day he went in and lost the seed, and never would own it, knowin' that 'twould betray him in the deed.

"Well, I sat down there and kept thinking, and somehow I kinder believe it was Dave who wrote me that message, seein' how I had worried and grieved. But I have not lost my faith, and my standing is good in the church, and I have decided to lift some of them posies just to show my forgiveness of Dave, and plant them, the fairest and brightest, all round on my darling boy's grave."

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said—
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day;
Ah, they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home has made!

I know the coffin was narrow and small—
One yard would have served for an ample pall,
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The oakwood and its freight of clay;
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother stood that day,
With folded arms, by that form of clay;
I know that burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I know that her lips and cheek and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know some things were hid away—
The crimson frock and wrappings gay;
The little sock and half-worn shoe,
The ne'er worn muff and ribbons blue;
And an empty crib, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of her guileless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh, have a care,
For many hopes are buried there;
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
Will understand our sighs, our tears,
How much of light, how much of pleasure,
Is buried with our only treasure !



COWARDICE.

The veriest coward upon earth
Is he who fears the world's opinion,
Who acts with reference to its will,
His conscience swayed by its dominion.

Mind is not worth a feather's weight,
That must by other minds be measured;
Self must direct and self control,
And the account with conscience treasured.

Fear never sways a manly soul,
For honest hearts 'twas ne'er intended.
They—only they have cause to fear,
Whose motives have the truth offended.

What will my neighbors say if I
Should this attempt, or that, or t'other?
A neighbor is most sure a foe
If he not prove a helping brother.

That man is brave who braves the world.
 When o'er life's sea his bark he steereth;
 Who keeps that guiding star in view,
 A conscience clear which never veereth.



RIGHT ONWARD.

Right onward! right onward! behind the work's finished,

A few tired toilers have lain down to rest,
 But forward the work seems untouched, undiminished,
 There are waters to wade, there are big waves to breast;

There is fighting to do, there are foes to o'ercome;

But fight on in concord and always remember
 Each blow snaps a fetter from nations to come.

Right onward! right onward! stay not for fond partings;

Lose not the fair hours by the graves of the dead;
 Waste not your best nerve in fond sighings and startings;

March on in the track where brave thinkers have led.
 Up! up! with your arms and march on to the battle—

The day will be hot and the contest be long;
 But while the darts drop and the dark missiles rattle,
 Go on to the conquest with music and song.

Right onward ! right onward ! your foes fill the passes;
Untruth and Injustice, Crime, Ignorance, Vice;
They lurk on the edge of the losughs and morasses,
Dressed out in deluding and sombre device.
Turn not from the path to the past dead or dying,
There are flowers in the track Progress makes for her
feet;
We may cull them and strew them as winged hours are
flying
But still be "Right onward" your song loud and
sweet.

Right onward ! right onward ! the time is advancing—
The night shades are low'ring, the sun has gone down;
But still on the white road your armor be glancing,
And still throng recruits from each hamlet and town;
Oh ! woe to the foe who would bar us from freedom;
Away with the tongue that forbids us to speak;
They who *will not* move on, hurl aside never heed
them—
While we battle on and fight for the weak.



THE TRANSFIGURATION.

A youthful painter found one day
In the streets of Rome a child at play;
And moved by the beauty that it bore,
The heavenly look its features wore,
On a canvas radiant and grand
He painted its face with a master hand.

Year after year on his wall it hung;
'Twas ever joyful and always young,
Driving away all thought of gloom
As the painter toiled in his lonely room

But the painter's locks grew thin and gray;
His young ambition had passed away;
He looked for years, in many a place,
To find a contrast to that sweet face.
Through haunts of vice in the night he strayed
To find some ruin that crime had made;
And at last, in a prison cell, he caught,
A glimpse of the hideous face he sought.
On a canvas, weird and wild, but grand,
He painted the features with a master hand.

That loathsome wretch in the dungeon low,
With the face of a fiend and the look of woe,
Ruined by revels and stained by sin,
A pitiful wreck of what once he had been,
Hated and shunned and without a home—
Was the child that played in the streets of Rome !

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other:
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was a king, for I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled them down.
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made the good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold how great you be,
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
For your might and power are over all!'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the crystal glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host,
But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad—
Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled, and souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the
 mountain,
Flowed in the river, and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye:
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with
 grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I lifted up and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen, I aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other—
The glass of wine and its paler brother—
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

THE PARSON'S VACATION.

The old man went to meetin', for the day was bright
and fair,
Though his limbs were very totterin' and 'twas hard
to travel there;
But he hungered for the gospel, so he trudged the weary
way,
On the road so rough and dusty, 'neath the summer's
burning ray !

By and by he reached the buildin', to his soul a holy
place;
Then he paused and wiped the sweat drops off his thin
and wrinkled face;
But he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did
not toll,
All the doors were shut and bolted, and he didn't see
a soul.

So he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "what
does it mean ?"
And he looked this way and that, till it seemed almost
a dream;
He had walked the dusty highway, and he breathed a
heavy sigh—
Just to go once more to meetin' ere the summons comes
to die.

But he saw a little notice tacked upon the meetin' door,
So he limped along to read it, and he read it o'er and
o'er;
Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o'er
again,
Till his limbs began to tremble, and his eyes began to
pain.

As the old man read the notice, how it made his spirit
burn,
"Pastor absent on a vacation, church closed until his
return;"
Then he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him
down to think,
For his soul was stirred within him, till he thought
his heart would sink.

So he mused aloud and wondered to himself soliloquized
I have lived to almost eighty, and was never so sur-
prised,
As I read the oddest notice, stickin' on the meetin'
door:
"Pastor off on a vacation," never heard the like before.

Why, when I first joint the meetin', very many years
ago,
Preachers traveled on the circuit, in the heat and
through the snow,
If they got their clothes and victuals, ('twas but little
cash they got,)
They said nothin' 'bout vacation, but were happy in
their lot.

Would the farmer leave his cattle, or the shepherd
leave his sheep?
Who would give them care and shelter, or provide
them food to eat?
So it strikes me very sing'ler, when a man of holy
bands,
Thinks he needs to have vacation, and forsake the
tender lambs.

Did St. Paul get such a notion? Did a Wesley or a
Knox?
Did they in the heat of summer, turn away the needy
flocks?
Did they shut their meetin' houses, just to go and
loungue about?
Why they knew if they did, Satan certainly would
shout.

Do the taverns close their bar-rooms, just to take a
little rest?
Why, 'twould be the height of nonsense, for their trade
would be distressed;
Did you ever know it happened, or hear anybody tell,
Satan takin' a vacation, shudden' up the doors of hell?

And shall preachers of the gospel, pack their trunks
and go away,
Leavin' saints and sinners, get along the best they may;
Are the souls of saints and sinners valued less than
selling beer?
Or do preachers tire quicker than the rest of people
here.

Why it is I cannot answer, but my feelins' they are stirred.

Here I've dragged my totterin' footsteps, for to hear the gospel word,

But the preacher is a travelin', and the meetin' house is closed.

I confess it's very tryin' hard indeed to keep composed.

Tell me, when I tread the valley and go to the shining height,

Will I hear no angel singing—will I see no gleaming light,

Will the golden harps be silent—will I meet no welcome there?

Why, the thought would be most distractin', 'twould be more than I could bear.

Tell me! when I reach the city, over on the other shore,

Will I find a little notice tacked upon the golden door,
Telling me, 'mid dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn,

"Jesus absent on vacation—Heaven closed until His return."

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

'There wa'n't any use o' fretting
An' I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
'Thar were lots of folks that 'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
And it didn't seem to be wurth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

'To be sure the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
'An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

'But, laws! ef you only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,

But it seemed as ef the places wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contriary
That ef things don't go jest right
I feel like rolling my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think he found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;

An' 'tishn't always that faith gits down
 As far as the finger-ends."
 An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
 My Obadiah a shirk,
 For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
 And others the gift to work.



IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heartache
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load;
 Would we waste the day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be?
 Would we wait with such impatience
 For our ship to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window-pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again;
 Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers!
 How they point our memories back

To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track !
How these little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
 For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
 None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
 As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
 With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
 Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
 Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
With the patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer:
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;

And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waided in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed on the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered Heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with his bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms;
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in Heaven, "all around," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised, as one by one
The psalms and hymns with the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet.

And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done.

No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on true righteousness.



WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe—
'Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow;
We may try to evade them, do what we will,
Our acts, like our shadows, will follow us till.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race of our fortune or fame,
And then, when we fail, the world bears the blame;
But nine times out of ten 'tis plain to be seen,
There is a "screw loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in the hard, earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this truth has often been proved:
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the water comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces that blossom within
Grow shriveled and die in the Upas of sin.

We may make ourselves heroes or martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old,
Ah ! did we the same for beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth !
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But shines out at last, as the hand on the wall,
For the world has its debit and credit for all.



THE PRIESTS OF GOD.

Who are the priests whom God appoints?
Whose heads with wisdom He anoints
 To spread His truths abroad.
Not those who mumble o'er the creeds,
But those who plant truth's living seeds,
 Are the true priests of God.

Humanity ! what hast thou gained
From those the churches have ordained?
 They've but increased thy load;
Apologists in every clime
Of outrage, tyranny, and crime—
 They're not the priests of God.

Ah ! 'tis to the uncanonized,
The persecuted and despised,
 That God reveals the light;
And they're the fearless ones that rise
Against earth's concentrated lies,
 And battle for the right.

They are the poets, bards and seers
Whose words draw sympathetic tears
 E'en from the stubborn clod;
And bear us on the wings of song,
Above defilement, blight and wrong,
 They are the priests of God.

The heralds of a hope sublime,
Forerunners of a better time,
 The leaders of the van;
And fearlessly they are marching forth,
Proclaiming over all the earth
 The brotherhood of man.

They wear no sacerdotal weeds,
They know no churches, sects, nor creeds,
 But in the truth are strong;
They are the priests whom God ordains
To break men's spiritual chains,
 And overthrow the wrong.

Yes, they are the priests of the Most High,
Whose temples are the earth and sky,
 The sea and running brook;
Interpreters of Nature's lines,
And of the symbols and the signs
 In her eternal book.

They read God's scriptures everywhere,
In stellar worlds, in sea and air,
 And in the flowery sod;
They only are the true divines,
Through whom the light of Nature shines,
 The great High Priests of God,

Communion with the saints above,
Relying on Almighty love,
 The universal plan—

They feel their own divinity,
And find the glorious Trinity
In Nature, God, and Man.

Poets or bards ! what'er ye are !
Who bring us tidings from afar,
To brighten our abode—
Through whom the heavens communicate
The glories of our future state,
Ye're the High Priests of God.



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